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Bellefonte Republican.

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VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. DECEMBER 22, 1892. NO. 50

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1892.

The most daring and desperate democratic conspiracy since the days of those concocted for the perpetuation and extension of human slavery is now well under way. Its chief manipulator is Senator Gorman, and the "boodle" end is being looked after by Senator Brice, whose relations with wealthy monopolies gives him control of all the money that may be needed. It was to blind the people to the object of this conspiracy that Gorman, Brice and Company raised the senseless cry that the republicans were trying to rob the democrats of the Senators to be elected by the legislatures of California, N. Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Nebraska; as though that party could be robbed of what it does not possess—a majority in the legislature of either of these states. The democratic conspirators do not hope to elect democrats from either of these states to the Senate; but they do hope and expect to make deals with the populists by which men will be sent to the Senate who will aid the conspiracy by voting as directed by chief conspirator Gorman.

It might be supposed that the legislation for which these votes are desired was in some way connected with the so-called reforming of the tariff, or with the financial policy of the Cleveland administration; but it has nothing to do with either—Gorman and Brice are both at heart believers in a protective tariff, and neither of them takes any stock in the idea that the democratic party is going to make radical changes in the tariff policy. The legislation for which the votes of populist Senators is wanted has for its object the perpetuation of democratic control of the National Government, and in order to obtain pledges from them that they will vote for the repeal of the laws providing for supervision of National Elections by Deputy U. S. Marshals and U. S. Supervisors of election cash and big promises of patronage, some say even to the extent of a Cabinet position, are being used.

With the laws providing for even the partial federal supervision of federal elections (which the present statutes do) out of the way the democratic conspirators see nothing to prevent the democratic party retaining power for an indefinite period. They figure that they could then be absolutely certain of the 159 electoral votes of the solid South, beside those of New York New Jersey, Connecticut, Illinois and the democratic districts of Michigan, thus making a democratic nomination for President equivalent to an election. This scheme is entirely in keeping with the history of the democratic party. Fortunately for the country at large, irrespective of political parties, the republican leaders have known of this conspiracy from its beginning, and they have been untiring in their efforts to defeat it, which they are now hopeful, although not yet certain, of doing. Should they fail to defeat it they will be in a position to make such an exposure as will raise a wave of indignation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Representative Antony, of Texas, is one of the democrats who is anxious to hurry up the introduction of democratic ideas. He has introduced a bill in the House providing that no more pensions be granted under the Dependent Pension act of 1890, and that the payment of all pensions which have been granted under that law shall be stopped. Mr. Antony's democratic colleagues are real angry with him for having been so precipitate.

The democrats of the House were almighty glad to vote for the two weeks holiday recess, dating from Thursday of this week, as it will prevent their having to work so hard to kill time and to keep from doing something that might displease boss Cleveland.

Another set of people who warmly welcome the Christmas recess are the representatives of the European Steamship Co's who have been struggling hard to stem the strong congressional current in favor of a temporary suspension of immigration They hope to be able to "convince" some Congressmen before the end of the recess that a suspension of immigration would be quite as bad for the country as it will be for the Steamship Companies.

President James F. Burke, of the League of College Clubs, who became so widely known through his activity in the late campaign, had a conference with the President a day or two ago concerning the future work of this valuable auxiliary to the republican party, and the President agreed with Mr. Burke that the proper thing to do was to continue the work of the league, increasing its membership and extending its influence.

If such prominent democrats as Representative Hatch, chairman of the House committee on Agriculture, know the future intentions of their party, it is certain that one of the first things the next democratic House will do will be to restore the duty on sugar, thus increasing the cost of living to every family in the United States.

MILLS ON A SUGAR TARIFF.

Mr. William Porcher Miles, a native South Carolinian and for a number of years a prominent educator in that State, is now a resident of Louisiana, and by inheritance the owner of very extensive sugar plantations there. In behalf of the Ascension Branch of the Sugar Planters' Association, of which he is president, he has written the following letter to Mr. Cleveland:

DEAR SIR—Accept the congratulations of the sugar planters of Louisiana—almost all of them Democrats—on your election and the triumph of reform in the Government, and the hope for the reformation of the Tariff on just and fair principles—something like the Mills bill—generally acceptable to the Democratic party, in which no industry will be either hampered or oppressed and yet sufficient revenue be raised for the economical administration of the Government.

With our best wishes for the success of your administration and our firm belief that it will prove as pure and patriotic and statsmanlike in the future as it has been in the past, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. PORCHER MILES.

Mr Miles is not a man to be guilty of an impolite piece of irony, and we therefore dismiss that explanation of the seeming inconsistency of his letter. We can come to but one conclusion, and that is, that Mr. Miles and his associates have found the home market, assured to them by Protective duties, superior to the present revenue Tariff duties of the McKinley bill, which is only a half cent per pound on the high, while the low grades of sugar are free of duty.

Mr. Miles very artlessly asks Mr. Cleveland to do that against which his party is fully committed. The Mills bill, which he suggests as a proper measure to take the place of the McKinley law, placed sugar at an average of about two and a half cents per pound, while, as stated, the McKinley bill placed a half cent only on the highest grades.

We do not wonder at Mr. Miles' suggestion so far as he may be looking after the interests of the industry he is engaged in, but it surprises us that being alive to the advantages of Protection, as he evidently is, he should not only vote with party opposing his interest, but actually invoke a reversal of the verdict at the hands of Mr. Cleveland, the apostle of Free-Trade.

"TARIFF REFORMERS" talk as though the McKinley Tariff was the extreme of "high Protection." It gives us the largest free list we have had for a half century, so that 56.3 per cent. of our total importations are now free. It reduces some rates, leaves others untouched, and raises others *just where such change was needed.* Its average rate on all importations was 21½ per cent. for the last fiscal year—lower than under any tariff for 35 years, and less than was the average rate planned for under the Mills bill could have been. It has greatly helped us—in higher wages, more employ and greater commerce at home and abroad. If it goes, what next? Where are the brains, the experience and the unity of aim and plan among the Democracy to frame a Tariff bill fit to be a law? Judging the future by the past—looking back at the dismal failures of Morrison and Wood and Mills—we may say, "echo answers, Where?" But let us wait and see.

THE Springfield Republican kindly suggests that "a bill removing these duties (on wool) has already passed the House and is now pending in the Republican Senate. And so we say, let the Republicans of that body heed this command from Ohio," said command being, as the Republican thinks, an order from the Ohio wool-growers, implied in their votes just given, to make wool free. How easy it is for this journal, after giving years of aid and comfort to Free Trade, to courteously ask Republican Senators in Washington to break their faith with those who elected them, and to give up the principles of Protection as though it were a slight thing for a public servant to be untrue to his trust. Published in the land of the Puritans, its notion about backbones is not the Puritan notion. Bigoted they may sometimes have been, but weak they never were.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Dec 19, 1892

David Burnell (2) George Butts, Laura Borrons, Florence McDonel, J. Klerice E. A. Neiberger, Harry Loliaz, Ada V. Yearick.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1892.

Business at the Stock Exchange moves steadily on, without any changes of moment from the features noted in our advices of last week. The renewal of exports of gold has naturally put some check upon buoyant tendencies; but rather in the way of a caution than as a surprise; for the movement has not been entirely unexpected. Moreover, the position of our foreign trade balance is not expected to call for any considerable outflow of gold; the more so as the London buying of our securities helps to liquidate any adverse balance which might otherwise call for remittances of specie. London seems to be taken by surprise at the unexpected emphatic expression of public opinion in this country against the continued commitment of our Government to the accumulation of silver. The plain affirmations of our Delegates to the Brussels Conference in favor of that conservative policy have also materially strengthened the impression thus produced. The result has been a steady stream of London orders for our most conservative investments; and although these purchases have shown a preference for gold-bearing bonds, yet the facts show a return of confidence where it had been severely shaken through our past threatened silver legislation.

The proceedings of the Silver Conference do not appear to promise any immediate definite result. The discussions, however, have unquestionably had the valuable effect of awakening Europe to the necessity of that country doing something really substantial towards restoring the status of the white metal; of convincing the European governments that they must make large, positive and permanent engagements if they wish to escape the threatened dangers; and of satisfying the other governments that it is useless to hope that they may shift upon the United States any inequitable share of the responsibilities that a real remedy must impose upon all the great commercial powers. On all these vital points, the several governments represented in the Conference have now reached a distinct understanding. This is a large gain towards a settlement; as it dispels all false hopes and all ideas of any nation getting unfair advantages or exemptions through diplomatic maneuvers. The treatment of the question having reached this stage of clarification, it seems probable that the Conference may adjourn for a few months. During that period, political influences may bring England into a more practical attitude, and direct diplomatic exchanges between the several governments may mature understandings that will enable the Conference, when it reassembles, to reach a definite conclusion. Whether that conclusion may be some really feasible scheme of bi-metallism, or some mere temporizing compromise that will command no abiding confidence, or an abandonment of the problem as hopeless,—these are chances which the event alone can determine; but, in any case, the temporary adjournment of the Conference will afford time for more mature consideration and will to that extent, favor a more settled feeling for the next few months.

In any case, the United States now occupy a much more assuring attitude before the world than they did before the assembling of the Conference. It is now manifest that, under no circumstance, will our Government commit itself to any position that could invalidate our ability to maintain payments in gold or its sure equivalent. This attitude is so far an answer to the distrust that has caused an immense return of our securities from Europe within the two last years, that we may reasonably count upon the London market affording a steadier support to New York from this time forward. And this, be it noted, is an important factor bearing upon the future movements of gold between this country and Europe.

Wall street has now had five weeks for observing the effect of the election upon the industrial and commercial feeling of the country, and it can hardly be said to have discovered therein anything calculated to excite serious apprehension, either as respects the ultimate effects of the new policy or the interval of suspense before it goes into operation. It is felt that the present general prosperity of the country affords a special protection against any immediate derangements of business; that although certain interests which could never have existed apart from protection must be expected to suffer, yet there are many more which will find ways of adjusting themselves to the new conditions, and still others, specially dependent upon the export trade, that may properly expect a large and profitable expansion. Beyond all this, comes in Wall Street's confidence in the energy, sagacity, and resource of the country to adapt itself to any conditions that may be forthcoming and to force its onward march towards the commercial supremacy of the world. On the whole, therefore, it seems safe to assume that Wall Street will take no serious alarm at the impending commercial changes until the occasion becomes nearer and more real than it seems at present.

The railroad situation is, on the whole, assuring. The November gross earnings show an average gain of about 2½ per cent over the unprecedented movement of the same month of last year, which in view of this year's smaller crops is more than was expected. The roads have some reason to hope for alleviations of the embarassing interferences of the Inter-State Commission, alike from the tenor of recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court and from ameliorations that some expect to be granted by the new Congress. The construction of new lines is still kept within strictly conservative limits; which is one of the most hopeful features of the situation, for the competition from an over-supply of new roads created in advance of public requirements has long been the bane of railroad investments.

For the remainder of this month, the Stock Market is likely to show the effects of the settlements and the balancing of accounts that always attend the close of the year; after which will come the usual buying for the investment of the year's earnings and the reinvestment of dividends and interest, which are likely to exceed those of any previous year.

HENRY CLEWS.

DO THEY WANT A CINCH ON IT?

The Democratic managers are very eager to get a cinch on the Senate, if their proclaimed earnestness in securing the election of Democrats from the three States of Wyoming, Montana and Kansas has any foundation in fact. In each of these States the Senatorial question is in doubt, with the chances in favor of the Republicans. All this has been known ever since the election, but it is only within a day or two that such truly good men as Senators Carlisle, Gorman and Brice have been really awakened to the alleged designs of the wicked Republican leaders. After putting these simple-minded Democratic Senators to sleep by pretending that the control of the Senate was a matter of indifference to the Republican party at this time the guileless Gorman and the beneficent Brice have suddenly discovered that the Republicans are, in fact, preparing to steal the Legislatures in these three States, and that plenty of advice and perhaps some financial aid will be necessary to secure the election of Democrats. Under these circumstances the three Senators have determined to tell Mr. Cleveland all about it, and if the President-elect really wants a cinch on the Senate more financial aid and less advice in the matter may become necessary.

But do the Democrats really want a cinch on the Senate?

Immediately after the election the triumphant Democracy would have repudiated the doubt implied by this question with scorn. Now there are Democrats who would view a failure to control the Senate with complacency. They realize that the Chicago platform is an awkward handbook of public policy. They feel that they promised more than they will be able to perform. Instead of a "robber tariff" they offered the farmer the earth and the workingman everything that is on it. Tariff reduction on the Democratic basis they begin to see will result in a reduction of wages, and in reductions in the price of land and of produce. Besides, the party is not agreed upon a policy on any of the great questions with which it will have to deal. The majority in the next Congress will find it difficult to agree upon any scheme of tariff reduction. Upon the currency of silver questions the Democrats are hopelessly divided. Under such conditions it is not surprising that prudent Democrats are beginning to hope that the next Senate will be Republican, after all. Then radical tariff legislation would fail, and the Republicans could be held responsible for the failure. But it would not do to confess this openly. We shall, therefore, continue to hear more and more about the efforts of Carlisle, Gorman and Brice to prevent the Republicans from stealing the Legislatures of Wyoming, Montana and Kansas.—*Phil'a Inquirer*

—Last Friday Andy Mott was coming to his business in town accompanied by his nephew. While riding along by the car works dam they met some small boys draging a small tree along the road which frightened the horse causing him to jump one side over a bank, breaking the wagon and hurting the boy though not seriously. Mr. Mott is proprior of the marble yard on High Street and one of the most successful men who ever conducted that business in this town. He has at present in his yard the most varied and costly stock that ever before stood on that ground.

UNION AND MEXICAN WAR PENSIONERS.

The South is already taking the bit in its teeth on the pension question, and the ex-Confederates are not backward in avowing their determination to put an end to the pensioning, as far as possible, of the men and widows and orphans of the men who overthrew the Confederacy. The former secessionists find willing allies in Northern newspapers, ambitious of regaining Southern circulation.

The ex-Confederates and their Northern allies claim that at the most no pensions should be paid to any except those who were wounded and disabled in the war for the Union or to the widows of those who perished in the war. It is to be noticed that the foes of the pension list are careful to specify the War for the Union. A New York newspaper, for instance, has stated that while veterans of the war who have since become disabled and dependent may be proper objects of State or local charity, they are not proper objects for national bounty, and that, therefore, such bounty should be stopped.

But why stop with veterans of the war that saved the Republic? There are many thousands of veterans and widows of veterans of the Mexican War receiving pensions whose sole claim to national bounty is merely the service of themselves, or of former husbands, in the ranks during the war with Mexico. Most of these are residents of Southern and border States, and many of them served in the Confederate armies; but it is safe to say that no Northern veteran wishes to see even one of them deprived of a well earned pension. At the same time it mould be grotesque injustice to apply one principle to the soldier who fought in the war when only the national prestige was at stake, and another and harsher principle to the soldier who fought when the national life was at stake.

This fact about the Mexican War pensioners should not be forgotten, and there is all the more reason for keeping it in mind because the hostile critics of the Union pension list seem anxious to ignore it. If it is just that the names of dependent veterans of the war for the Union should be stricken from the pension list, it is at least equally just that the names of dependent veterans of the Mexican War should be stricken from the roll.

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The forty-sixth annual session of the Teachers' institute of Centre county will convene at Bellefonte Dec. 26 and last until Dec. 30. The instructors are Prof. James M. Coughlin, superintendent of Wilkesbarre public schools; Major James M. Lee, superintendent of Huntingdon public schools; Professor A. D. Meloy, superintendent of Lock Haven state normal school, and Prof. J. G. Anderson, superintendent of Philipsburg public schools.

Mr. A. Judson Smith, of New Millport, is director of music.

Addresses will be delivered by Dr. George W. Atherton, president of State college; ex-Governor James A. Beaver, General D. H. Hastings, Hon. John H. Orvis, D. F. Fortney, Rev. W. E. Fischer, of Centre Hall.

Thursday, Dec. 29, is directors' day, and every director in the county is expected to be present.

A fine course of evening entertainments has been provided. On Mondy evening Superintendent Coughlin will lecture on "Character Building." Tuesday evening, Superintendent Lee, "Black the Heels of Your Boots." Wednesday evening, the Schumann Concert company. Thursday evening, John R. Clark, "Hits and Misses."

Further information can be had by addressing C. L. GRAMLEY, county Supt.

BURGLARS AT PHILIPSBURG.

We copy from the *Ledger*: A gang of burglars have been busy in town this week, but so far their nefarious work has not made them rich.

On Friday night of last week they broke into Fryberger's mill and took an overcoat and a tin box, which they doubtless supposed contained money, but which belonged to the Royal Arcanum Park association, and contained nothing but papers of value to no one but the council.

On Wednesday night they broke into Owens' hardware store and took several dozen pocket-knives and two dozen razors. They carried their plunder away in a horse blanket, which was found on Thursday behind the high board fence opposite Owens' store.

On Thursday night the burglars raided on the Swift Beef company's establishment. They blew open the safe, which fortunately contained only sixty-five cents in money. If they had made their raid on Wednesday night they would have found several hundred dollars in the safe, but the money was removed on Thursday.

Where the next raid will be made is a matter of conjecture, and everybody is on the lookout. The burglars seem to be able to elude the night police without difficulty and are evidently adepts. It is not long since a freight car in the P. R. R. yard was broken open and robbed of provisions.

MOODS.

"A burnt child dreads the fire" is an old saying, but "moths fly into the candle" is as old. Both are true of men and nations as well as of children and moths. We have our moods—sometimes wise, sometimes otherwise. Some days we gladly learn from experience, on others we refute its lessons. We must judge a man not by the passing mood of an hour, but by the general tenor and trend of his life. This is true also of nations. Judge France by its John Law bubble of the last century, and we might think the nation made up of blind and crazy fools, but look at France for a hundred years and it has come up from the Bourbons to the Republic, and its people have made large gains.

In our country we see the same varied moods well illustrated in our course in regard to Protection and Free Trade. In 1787 we started with Protection—a Constitution empowering Congress to legislate for it, and act of the First Congress establishing it, the views and actions of the great men most beloved and trusted upholding it. Prosperity followed, but in a few years came a strange change of mood. The Democracy won power, and in 1816 customs duties were reduced. Then came depression and distress, the people saw their mistake and learned a lesson from it. In 1824 duties on imports were made Protective and our "greatest prosperity" came, so said Henry Clay.

But the mood changed in 1833. The slave power laid its strong hand on the Democracy, demagogues did their work for Free-Trade, and the fearful panic of 1837 wrought ruin.

This severe lesson was heeded, and in 1842 came Protection under Whig rule.

James K. Polk, a Democratic President, stated its result in his annual message as "prosperity without an example," but that party, under the lash of the slave power, like the negro fearing the slave whip of the overseer, brought us Free Trade or revenue tariff in 1846, which lasted until the days of James Buchanan, when the Government was compelled to pay 8 to 12 per cent. interest for a few millions to keep its affairs in motion.

Then came a great uprising, and opening of blind eyes, a learning from experience, a wiser and higher mood. War was forced on us by the South, the Confederacy died, slavery and Free-Trade, its cornerstones, were broken in pieces, and Freedom and Protection came instead, and with them a Union more real, a prosperity more wonderful, than we ever before enjoyed.

Now comes another mood; the same blindness, the same disregard for the lessons of experience, the same restless and unreasoning wish for change, the Solid South, ruling the Democracy, as did the old slave power, and Free Trade confronting us like a black cloud, big with the destructive tornado.

Look at our nation for a century, and we see that while its moods have varied, yet, on the whole, wisdom has gained and we have made marked and cheering progress.

The lesson is one of faith and hope, and strength for needed work.

The nation's experience, and the experience of the civilized world, show the benefits of Protection and the perils of Free-Trade. We can, each and all, work and wait for a higher mood—a change that shall sweep away Free-Trade as by the rush of a mighty wind. It will come.

LEARNING HER LETTERS AT SEVENTY,

SYLVANIA, Dec. 15.—Marshy Lysles, a colored woman, who lives below Sylvania, and is over 70 years of age, started to school for the first time last Monday morning. Marshy has been blessed with a numerous progeny, and has children and grandchildren and even great-grandchildren. She has always been a lover of the Scripture, and her object in starting to school now, she says, is that it may aid her in studying the Bible, and thus help her to glory. Every morning, with dinner bucket and spelling book in hand, she goes along with the children to the log academy, and there pores over the mystic letters, which seem hard enough indeed to her fettered mind.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

As our employees desire to enjoy the holidays and we want to clean up for a fresh start with the new year and as it is the general custom with all county papers in this state we shall not issue the REPUBLICAN next week. The office will be open however to receive money or job work or calls from our friends. Come and see us.

THE HALF-CASTE.

AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE---FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS MULOCK.

Little notice did he condescend to take of us, which was rather a satisfaction than otherwise; but he soon became very fraternal and confidential with his two sisters. I saw them all chattering together until it grew dusk; and long after that, the night being fine, I watched their dark figures walking up and down the other side of the deck. More than once I heard their laughter, and detected in their talk the name of Zillah; so I supposed the girls were ridiculing her to their brother. Poor child! she was fast asleep, with her head on my shoulder, wrapped closely up, so that the mild night could do her no harm. She looked almost pretty—the light of the August moon so spiritualized her face I felt thankful she had not died, but that under Heaven, my care had saved her—for what? Aye, and for whom? If, as I kissed the child, I had then known—But no, I should have kissed her and loved her still!

Our brief voyage ended, we reached Belfast and proceeded to Holywood—a small sea-bathing village a few miles down the coast. To this day I have never found out why Mr. Le Poer took the trouble to bring us all over the water and settle us there; where, to all intents and purposes, we might as well have been buried in the solitudes of the Desert of Sahara. But perhaps that was exactly what he wanted.

I think that never in her life, at least since childhood, could Zillah have been so happy as she was during the first week or two of our sojourn at Holywood. To me, who in my youth, when we were rich and could travel, had seen much beautiful scenery, the place was rather uninteresting; to her it was perfection! As she grew stronger, life seemed to return to her again under quite a new aspect. Certainly it was a great change in her existence to have no one over her but me—for her uncle and cousin Augustus had of course speedily vanished from this quiet spot—to be able to do just what she liked, which was usually nothing at all. She was not made for activity; she would lie whole days on the beach, or on the grassy walk which came down to the very edge of high-water mark—covering her eyes with her poke-bonnet, or gazing sleepily from under her black lashes at the smooth Lough, and the wavy line of hills on the opposite shore. Matilda and Caroline ran very wild also; since we had no lessons I found it hard work to make them obey me; indeed it was always a great pain for a quiet soul like me to have to assume authority. I should have got on better even with Mrs. Le Poer to assist me; but she, poor little woman, terrified at change, had preferred staying quietly at home in Yorkshire. I was not quite sure but that she had the best of it after all.

In the course of a week my cares were somewhat lightened. The lieutenant re-appeared, and from that time forward I had very little of the girls' company. He was certainly a kind brother; I could not but acknowledge that. He took them about a great deal or else stayed at Holywood, leaving us by the late evening train, as he said, to go to his lodgings at Belfast. I, the temporary mistress of the establishment, was of course duly polite to my pupils' brother, and he was really very civil to me, though he treated me with the distance due to an ancient duenna. This amused me sometimes, seeing I was only twenty-six—probably his own age; but I was always used to be regarded as an old maid.

Of Zilla the lieutenant hardly ever took any notice at all, and she seemed to keep out of his way as much as possible. When he left us in the evening—and there was always a tolerable confusion at that time, his two sisters wanting to see him off by the train, which he never by any chance allowed—then came the quietest and pleasantest half-hour of the day. The Misses Le Poer disliked twilight rambles, so Zillah and I always set off together; though oftentimes we parted company, and I was left sitting on the beach, while she strolled on to a pleasant walk she said she had found—a deserted house whose grounds sloped down to the very shore. But I, not very strong then, and weighed down by many anxious thoughts, loved better to sit and stupify myself with the murmur of the sea—a habit not good for me, but pleasant. No fear had I of Zillah's losing herself, or coming to any harm; and the girl seemed so happy in her solitary rambles that I had not the desire to stop them, knowing how a habit of self-dependence is the greatest comfort to a woman, especially to one in her desolate position. But as the frost of her nature broke up, and her dullness was melting away, Zillah seemed more self-contained, so to speak; more reserved, and relying on her own thoughts for occupation and amusement; still, she had never been so attentive or affectionate to me.

It was a curious and interesting study—this young mind's unfolding; though I shame to say that just then I did not think about Zillah as much as I ought to have done. Often I reproached myself for this afterward; but as things have turned out, I now feel, with a quiet self-compassion, that my error was pardonable.

I mind one evening—that "I mind" is not quite English, but I learned it with other phrases, in my young days, so let it stand!—I mind one evening, that, being not quite in a mood for solitude, I went out walking with Zillah. Somehow the murmur of the sea wearied me; I turned through the village and along the high road—almost like an English road, so beautiful with overhanging trees. I did not talk much and Zillah walked quite silently, which indeed was nothing new. I think I see her now, floating along with her thin but lithe figure and limp, clinging dress—the very antipodes of fashion—nothing about her that would really be called beautiful except her great eyes, which were perfect oceans of light. When we came to a gateway—which, like most things in poor Ireland, seemed either broken down or left half finished—she looked round rather anxiously.

"Do you know this place, my dear?"

"It is an old mansion—where I often like to stroll."

"What! have you been there alone?"

"Of course I have," said she quickly and slightly coloring. "You knew it; or I thought you did."

She appeared apprehensive of reproof, which struck me as odd, in so inoffensive a matter as her adventuring a solitary stroll; especially as I was anything but a cross governess. To please and reassure her I said: "Well, never mind, my dear, you shall show me your pet paradise. It will be quite a treat."

"I don't think so, Miss Pryor. It's all weeds and disorder, and you can't endure that. And the ground is very wet here and there. I am sure you'll not like it at all.

"Oh, but I will, if only to please you, Zillah," said I, determined to be at once firm and pacific; for I saw a trace of her old sullen look troubling my pupil's face, as if she did not like her haunts to be intruded upon even by me. However, she made no more open opposition, and we entered the grounds, which were almost English in their aspect, except in one thing—their entire desolation. The house might not have been inhabited, or the grounds cultivated, for twenty years. The rose-beds grew wild—great patches of white clover overspread the lawn and flower-garden, and all the underwood was one mass of tall fern.

I had not gone far in and out of the tangled walks of the shrubbery when I found that Zillah had slipped away. I saw her at a distance standing under a tall Portugal laurel, seemingly doing nothing but meditate—a new occupation for her; so I left her to it, and penetrated deeper into what my old French governess would have called the *bocage*. My feet sunk deep in fern amidst which I plunged, trying to gather a great armful of that and of wild flowers; for I had, and have still the babyish propensity of wishing to pluck everything I see, and never can conquer the delight I feel in losing myself in a wilderness of vegetation. In that oblivion of child-like content I was happy—happier than I had been for a long time. The ferns nearly hid me, when I heard a stirring in the bushes behind, which I took for some harmless animal which I had disturbed. However, hares, foxes, or even squirrels do not usually give a loud "Ahem!" in the perfectly human tone which followed. At first I had terrors of some stray keeper, who might possibly shoot me for a rabbit or a poacher, till I recollected that I was not in England but in Ireland, where unjust landlords are regarded as the more convenient game.

"Ahem!" reiterated the mysterious voice—"ahem! Is it you, my angel?"

Never could any poor governess be more thoroughly dumfounded! Of course the adjective was not meant for me. Impossible! Still it was unpleasant to come into such near contact with a case of philandering. Mere philandering it must be, for this was no honest village-tryste, the man's accent being refined and quite English. Besides, little as I knew of love-making, it struck me that in any serious attachment people would never address one another by the silly title of "my angel." It must be some idle flirtation going on among the strolling visitants whom we occasionally met on the beach, and who had probably wandered up through the gate which led to these grounds.

To put an end to any more confidential disclosures from this unseen gentleman, I likewise said "Ahem!" as loudly as I could, and immediately called aloud for Zillah. Whereupon there was a hasty rustling in the bushes, which, however soon subsided, and the place became quite still again, without my ever having caught sight of the very complimentary individual who had in this extempore manner, addressed me as his "angel." "Certainly," I thought, "I must have been as invisible to him as he to me, or he never would have done it."

Zillah joined me quickly. She looked half frightened, and said she feared something was the matter—"had I seen anything?"

At first I was on the point of telling her all, but somehow it now appeared a rather ridiculous position for a governess to be placed in—to have shouted for assistance on being addressed by mistake by an unknown admirer; and besides I did not wish to put any love-notions into the girl's head; they come quite soon enough of their own accord. So I merely said I had been startled by hearing voices in the bushes—that perhaps we were intruders on the domain, and had better not stay longer.

"Yet the place seems retired and desolate," said I, as we walked down the tangled walk that led to the beach, Zillah evidently unwilling to go home. "Do you ever meet any strangers about here?"

She answered briefly, "No."

"Did you see any one to-night?"

"Yes,"—given with a slight hesitation.

"Who was it?"

"A man, I think—at a distance.

"Did he speak to you?"

"No."

I give these questions and answers verbatim, to show—what I believed then, and believe now, that so far as I questioned, Zillah answered me truthfully. I should be sorry to think that either at that time or any other she had told me a willful lie.

But this adventure left an uncomfortable sensation on my mind—not from any doubt of Zillah herself, for she appeared still too much of a child, and too awkward and unattractive, for me to fear her engaging in love-affairs, clandestine or otherwise, for some time to come. Nevertheless, after this evening, I always contrived that we should take our twilight strolls in company, and that I should never lose sight of her for more than a few minutes together. Yet even with this precaution I proved to be a very simple and short-sighted governess after all.

We had been at Holywood a whole month, and I began to wonder when we should return home, as Zillah was quite well, indeed more blooming than I had ever seen her. Mr. Le Poer made himself visible once or twice, at rare intervals; he had always "business in Dublin," or "country visits to pay." His son acted as regent in his absence—I always supposed by his desire; nevertheless I often noticed that these two lights of the family never shone together, and the father's expected arrival was the signal of Mr. Augustus' non-appearance for some days. Nor did the girls ever allude to their brother. I thought family quarrels might perhaps have lessoned them in this, and so was not surprised.

It was certainly a relief to all when the head of the family again departed. We usually kept his letters for him, he not being very anxious about them; for which indifference, as I afterward comprehended, he might have good reasons. Once there came a letter—I knew from whom—marked in the corner, "If absent to be opened by Miss Pryor."—Greatly surprised was I to find it contained a bank-note, apparently hurriedly inclosed, with this brief line:

"If Zillah requires more let me know at once. She must have every luxury needful for her health. A. S."

The initials certainly meant his name—Andrew Sutherland—nor could I be mistaken in the hand. Yet it seemed very odd, as I had no idea that he held over her more than a nominal guardianship, just undertaken out of charity to the orphan, and from his having slightly known her father. At least so Mr. Le Poer told me. The only solution I could find for his sending Zillah the money was the simple one of its being a gift, springing from the generosity of a heart whose goodness I knew but too well.

However, to be quite sure, I called Caroline into counsel; thinking, silly as she was, she might know something of the matter. But she only tittered, looked mysteriously important, and would speak clearly on no point, except "that we had a perfect right to use the money—pa always did; and that she wanted a new bonnet very badly indeed."

A day or two after, Mr. Le Poer, returning unexpectedly, took the note into his own possession, saying, smilingly, "that it was all right;" and I heard no more.

But if I had not been the very simplest woman in the world I should certainly have suspected that things were not "all right." Nevertheless, I do not now wonder at my blindness. How could I think otherwise than well of a man whom I innocently supposed to be a friend of Mr. Sutherland?

So matters went on at Holywood for a little time longer.

"Zillah, my dear, do not look so disappointed. There is no help for it.—Your uncle told me before he left us that we must go home next week."

So said I one day, trying to say it gently, and not marveling that the girl was unhappy at the near prospect of returning to her old miserable life. It was a future so bitter that I almost blamed myself for not having urged our longer stay. Still human nature is weak and I did so thirst for home—my own home. But it was hard that my pleasure should be the poor child's pain.

"Don't cry, my love," I went on, seeing her eyes brimming, and the color coming and going in her face:—strange changes which latterly, on the most trifling occasions, had disturbed the apparent stolidity of her countenance.—"Don't be unhappy; things may be smoother now; and I am sure your cousins behave better and kinder to you than they did; even the lieutenant is very civil to you."

A sparkle, which was either pleasure or pride, flashed from the girl's eyes, and then they drooped, unable to meet mine.

"Be content, dear child; all may be happier for you than you expect. You must write to me regularly—you can write pretty well now, you know; you must tell me all that happens to you, and remember that in everything you can trust me entirely."

Here I was astonished by Zillah's casting herself at my knees as I sat, and bursting into a storm of tears. Anxiously I asked her what was the matter.

"Nothing—everything! I am so happy—so wretched! Ah! what must I do?"

These words bubbled up brokenly from her lips, but just at that unlucky moment her three cousins came in. She sprang up like a frightened deer, and was off to her own room. I did not see her again all the afternoon, for Lieutenant Augustus kept me in the parlor on one excuse or another until I was heartily vexed at him and myself. When I went up-stairs to put on my bonnet—we were all going to walk that evening—Zillah slipped away almost as soon as I appeared. I noticed that she was quite composed now, and had resumed her usual manner, I called after her to tell the other two girls to get ready, thinking it wisest to make no remarks concerning her excitement of the morning.

I never take long in dressing, and soon went down, rather quietly perhaps; for I was meditating with pain on how much this passionate child might yet have to suffer in the world. I believe I have rather a light step; at all events I was once told so. Certainly I did not intend to come into the parlor stealthily or pryingly; in fact, I never thought of its occupants at all. On entering, what was my amazement to see standing at the window—Lieutenant Augustus and—my Zillah! He was embracing—in plain English, kissing her.

Now, I am no prude in such things; I have oftentimes known a harmless father-like or brother-like embrace between two, who, quite certain of each other's feelings, gave and received the same in all frank affection and simplicity. But generally I am very particular; more so than most women. I often used to think that, were I a man, I would wish, in the sweet day of my betrothal, to know for certain that mine was the first lover's kiss ever pressed on the dear lips which I then sealed as wholly my own!

But in this case, at one glance, even if I had not caught the silly phrase, "My angel!"—the same I heard in the wood (ah, that wood!)—I or any one would have detected the truth. It came upon me like a thunderbolt; but knowing Zillah's disposition, I had just wit enough to glide back unseen, and re-enter, talking loudly at the door. Upon which I found the lieutenant tapping his boots carelessly, and Zillah shrinking into a corner like a frightened hare. He went off very soon—he said, to an engagement at Belfast, and we started for our ramble. I noticed that Zillah walked along-side of Caroline, as if she could not approach or look at me.

I know not whether I was most shocked at my poor girl, or puzzled to think what possible attraction this young man could find in such a mere child—so plain and awkward-loooking too. That he could be "in love" with her, even in the lowest sense of that phrase, seemed all but an impossibility, and if not in love, what possible purpose could he have in wooing or wanting to marry her?—for I was simple enough to suppose that all wooing must necessarily be in earnest.

Half-bewildered with conjectures, fears and doubts as to what course I must pursue, did I walk on beside Matilda, who, having quarreled with her sister, kept close to me. She went chattering on about some misdoings of Caroline. At last my attention was caught by hearing Zillah's name.

"I won't bear it always," said the angry child; "I'll only bear it till Zillah comes of age."

"Bear what?"

"Why, that Carry should always have two new frocks to my one. It's a shame!"

"But what has that to say to Zillah's coming of age?"

"Don't you know, Miss Pryor?—oh, of course you don't, for Carry wouldn't let me tell you; but I will!" she added maliciously.

I hardly knew whether I was right or wrong in not stopping the girl's tongue, but I could not do it.

"Do you know," she added in a sly whisper, "Carry says we shall all be very rich when Zillah comes of age. Pa and ma kept it very secret; but Carry found it out, and told it to brother Augustus and to me."

"Told what?" said I, forgetful that I was prying into a family secret, and stung into curiosity by the mention of Augustus.

"That Zillah will then be very rich, as her father left her all he had; and uncle Henry was a great nabob, because he married an Indian princess and got all her money. Now, you see," she continued with a cunning smile, shocking on that young face, "we must be very civil to Zillah, and of course she will give us all her money. Eh, you understand?"

I stood aghast. In a moment all came clear upon me; the secret of Mr. Sutherland's guardianship—of his letter to me intercepted—of the money lately sent—of Mr. Le Poer's anxiety concerning his niece's life, and his desire to keep her hidden from the world, lest she might come to a knowledge of her position. The whole was a tissue of crimes. And, deepest crime of all! I now guessed why Lieutenant Augustus wished, unknown to his father, to entrap her still childish affections, marry her, and secure all to himself.

I never knew much of the world and its wickedness; I believed all men were like my father or Mr. Sutherland. This discovery for the time quite dizzied my faculties. I have not the slightest recollection of anything more that passed on that sea-side walk, except that, coming in at the door of the cottage, I heard Zillah say in anxious tones, "What ails Miss Pryor, I wonder?" I had wisdom enough to answer, "Nothing, my dears!" and sent them all to bed.

"Shall you be long after us?" asked Zillah, who, as I said, was my chamber-companion.

"An hour or two," I replied, turning away.

I went and sat alone in the little parlor, trying to collect my thoughts. To any governess the discovery of a clandestine and unworthy love-affair among her pupils would be most painful, but my discoveries were all horror together. The more I thought it over, the more my agonized pity for Zillah overcame my grief for her deceitfulness. Love is always so weak, and girlish love at fifteen such a fascinating dream. Whatever I thought of the lieutenant, he was very attractive to most people. He was, besides, the first young man Zillah had ever made acquaintance with, and the first human being except myself who had treated her with kindness. But what opportunities could they have had to become lovers? I recollected Zillah's wanderings, evening after evening, in the grounds of the deserted estate. She must have met him there. Poor girl! I could well imagine what it must be to be wooed under the glamour of summer twilight and beautiful solitude. No wonder Zillah's heart was stolen away! —Thinking of this now, I feel I am wrong in saying "heart" of what at best could have been mere "fancy." Women's natures are different; but some women have been gravely, mournfully, fatally in earnest, even at sixteen.

However, in earnest or not, she must be snatched from this marriage at all risks. There could be no doubt of that. But to whom should I apply for aid? Not to Mr. Le Poer certainly. The poor orphan seemed trembling between the grasp of either villain, father and son. Whatever must be done for her I must do myself of my own judgment, and on my own responsibility.

It was a very hard strait for me. In my necessity I instinctively turned to my best friend in the world, and—as I suddenly remembered—Zillah's too, I determined to write and explain all to Mr. Sutherland.

How well I remember that hour! The little parlor quite still and quiet, except for the faint sound of the waves rolling in; for it was rather a wild night, and our small one-storied cottage stood by itself in a solitary part of the beach. How well I remember myself! sitting with the pen in my hand, uncertain how to begin; for I felt awkward, never having written to him since I was a child.

At first I almost forgot what I had to write about. While musing, I was startled by a noise like the opening of a window. Now, as I explained, our house was all one flat, and we could easily step from any window to the beach. In considerable alarm I hurried into Zillah's room. There, by the dim night-light, I saw her bed was empty. She had apparently dressed herself—for I saw none of her clothes—and crept out at the window. Terrified inexpressibly, I was about to follow her, when I saw the flutter of a shawl outside, and heard her voice speaking.

"No, cousin—no, dear cousin! Don't ask me. I can't go away with you to-night. It would be very wrong when Miss Pryor knows nothing about it. If she had found us out or threatened, and we were obliged to run away——" (Immediately I saw that, with a girl of Zillah's fierce obstinacy, discovery would be most dangerous. I put out the light and kept quite still).

"I can't, indeed I can't," pursued Zillah's voice, in answer to some urging which was inaudible; adding, with a childish laugh, "You know, Cousin Augustus, it would never do for me to go and be married in a cotton dressing-gown; and Miss Pryor keeps all my best clothes. Dear Miss Pryor! I would much rather have told her, only you say she would be so much the more surprised and pleased when I came back married. And you are quite sure that she shall always live with us, and never return to Yorkshire again?"

Her words, so childish, so unconscious of the wrong she was doing, perfectly startled me. All my romantic notions of girlish passion following its own wild will were put to flight. Here was a mere child led away by the dazzle of a new toy to the brink of a precipice. She evidently knew no more of love and marriage than a baby!

For a little time longer, the wicked—lover I cannot call him—suitor, urged his suit, playing with her simplicity in a manner that he must inwardly have laughed at all the time. He lured her to matrimony by puerile pet names, such as "My angel"—by idle rhapsodies and promises of fine houses and clothes.

"I don't mind these things at all," said poor Zillah, innocently; "I would not go with you, only you say that when I am married I shall have nothing to do, and you will never scold me, and I shall have Miss Pryor always near me. Promise!"

Here was a pause, until the child's simple voice was heard again: "I don't like that, cousin. I won't kiss you again. Miss Pryor once said we ought never to kiss anybody unless we love them very much."

"And don't you love me, my adorable creature?"

"I—I'm not quite sure; sometimes I love you and sometimes not; but I suppose I shall always when we are married."

"That blissful day must be very soon," said the lieutenant; and I thought I heard him trying to suppress a yawn. "Let us settle it at once, my dear, for it grows late. If you will not come to-night, let me have the happiness, the entire felicity, of fetching you to-morrow."

"No, no," Zillah answered; "Miss Pryor will want me to help her to pack. We leave this day week; let me stay till the night before, then come for me, and I'll have my best frock on, and we can be married in time to meet them all before the boat sails the next day."

In other circumstances I should have smiled at this child's idea of marriage; but now the crisis was far too real and awful; and the more her ignorance lightened her own error, the more it increased the crime of that bad man who was about to ruin her peace forever. A little he tried to reverse her plan and make the marriage earlier, but Zillah was too steady. In the obstinacy of her character—in the little influence which, lover as he was, he seemed to have over her—I found her safeguard, past and present. It would just allow me to save her in the only way she could be saved.

I listened till I heard her say good-bye to her cousin, creep back into the dark room through the open window, and fasten it securely as before. Then I stole away to the parlor, and supported by the strong excitement of the moment, wrote my letter to Mr. Sutherland.

There would be in the six days just time for the arrival of an answer, or—himself. I left everything to him, merely stating the facts, knowing he would do right. At midnight I went to bed. Zillah was fast asleep. As I lay awake, hour after hour, I thanked Heaven that the poor child, deluded as she has been, knew nothing of what love was in its reality. She was at least spared that sorrow.

During all the week I contrived to keep Zillah as near me as was possible, consistent with the necessity of not awaking her suspicions. This was the more practicable, as she seemed to cling to me with an unwonted and even painful tenderness. The other girls grumbled sadly at our departure; but luckily all had been definitely arranged by their father, who had even, strange to say, given me money for the journey. He had likewise gracefully apologized for being obliged to let us women-kind travel alone, as he had himself some business engagements, while his son had lately rejoined his regiment. I really think the deceiving and deceived father fully credited the latter fact. Certainly they were a worthy pair!

I made all my plans secure, and screwed up my courage as well as I could; but I own on the evening previous to our journey—the evening which, from several attesting proofs, I knew was still fixed for the elopement—I began to feel a good deal alarmed. Of Mr. Sutherland there was no tidings. At twilight I saw plainly that the sole hope must lie in my own presence of mind, my influence over Zillah, and my appeal to her sense of honor and affection. I sent the children early to bed, saying I had letters to write, and prepared myself for whatever was to happen.

Now many may think me foolish, and at times I thought myself so likewise, for not going to Zillah and telling her all I had discovered; but I knew her character better than that. The idea of being betrayed, waylaid, controlled, would drive her fierce Eastern nature into the very commission of the madness she contemplated. In everything I must trust to the impulse of the moment and to the result of her suddenly discovering her own position and the villainous plans laid against her.

Never in my life do I remember a more anxious hour than that I spent sitting in the dark by the parlor window; whence, myself unseen, I could see all that passed without the house; for it was a lovely night, the moon high up over the Lough, and making visible the Antrim hills. I think in all moments of great peril one grows quiet: so did I.

At eleven there was a sound of wheels on the beach, and the shadow of a man passed the window. I looked out. It was the most unromantic and commonplace elopement with an heiress; he was merely going to take her away on an outside car. There was no one with him but the carman, who was left whistling contentedly on the shore.

The moment had come; with the energy of desperation, I put off the shawl in which I had wrapped myself in case I had to follow the child, for follow her I had determined to do, were it necessary. Quietly, and with as ordinary a manner as I could assume, I walked into Zillah's room.

She was just stepping from the window on to the beach. She had on her best frock and shawl, poor innocent! with her favorite white bonnet, that I had lately trimmed for her, carefully tied up in a kerchief.

I touched her shoulder. "Zillah, where are you going?"

She started and screamed.

"Tell me; I must know!" I repeated, holding her fast by the arm, while Augustus rather roughly pulled her by the other.

"Cousin, you hurt me!" she cried, and instinctively drew back. Then for the first time the lieutenant saw me.

I have often noticed that cunning and deceitful people—small villains, not great ones—are always cowards. Mr. Augustus drew back as if he had been shot. I took no notice of him, but still appealed to Zillah.

"Tell me, my child, the plain truth, as you always do—where were you going?"

She stammered out: "I was going to—to Belfast—to be married."

"Married to your cousin?"

She hung her head and murmured: "Yes."

At this frank confession the bridegroom interposed. He perhaps was all the braver for reflecting that he had only women to deal with. He leaped in at the chamber-window, and angrily asked me by what right I interfered.

"I will tell you," said I, "if you have enough gentlemanly feeling to leave my apartment, and will speak with me in the open air."

He retreated, I bolted the window, and still keeping a firm hold on the trembling girl, met him outside the front door. It certainly was the oddest place for such a scene; but I did not wish to admit him inside the house.

"Now, Miss Pryor," said he imperatively, but still politely—a LePoer could not be otherwise—"will you be so kind as to relinquish that young lady, who has confided herself to my care, and intends honoring me with her hand?"

"Is that true, Zillah? Do you love this man, and voluntarily intend to marry him?"

"Yes, if you will let me, Miss Pryor. He told me you would be so pleased. He promises always to be kind to me, and never let me work. Please don't be angry with me, dear Miss Pryor! Oh, do let me marry my cousin!"

"Listen to me a few minutes, Zillah," said I, "and you shall choose." And then I told her in as few words as I could, what her position was—how that it had been concealed from her that she was an heiress, and how by marrying her, her cousin Augustus would be master over all her wealth. So unworldly was she, that I think the girl herself hardly understood me; but the lieutenant was furious.

"It is all a lie—an infamous cheat!" he cried. "Don't believe it, Zillah! Don't be frightened, little fool! I promised to marry you, and, by Heaven! marry you I will!"

"Lieutenant Le Poer," said I very quietly, "that may not be quite so easy as you think. However, I do not prevent you, as indeed I have no right; I only ask my dear child Zillah here to grant me one favor, as for the sake of my love to her"—(here Zillah sobbed)—"I doubt not she will; namely, that she should do as every other young woman of common sense and delicacy would do, and wait until to-morrow, to ask the consent of one who will then probably be here, if he is not already arrived—her guardian, Mr. Andrew Sutherland."

Lieutenant Augustus burst out with an oath, probably very mild in the mess-room, but very shocking here to two women's ears. Zillah crept farther from him and nearer to me.

"I'll not be cheated so!" stormed he. "Come, child, you'll trust your cousin? You'll come away to-night?"—and he tried to lift her on the car, which had approached—the Irish driver evidently much enjoying the scene.

"No, cousin; not to-night," said the girl, resisting. "I'd rather wait and have Miss Pryor with me, and proper bridemaids, and a wedding-dress, and all that—that is, if I marry you at all, which I wont unless Miss Pryor thinks you will be kind to me. So good-bye till to-morrow, cousin."

He was so enraged by this time that he tried forcibly to drag her on the car. But I wound my arms round my dear child's waist and shrieked for help.

"Faith, sir," said the sturdy Irishman, interfering, half in amusement, half in indignation, "ye'd betther lave the women alone. I'd rather not meddle with an abduction."

So Zillah was set free from the lieutenant's grasp, for, as I said before, a scoundrel is often a great coward. I drew the trembling and terrified girl into the house—he following with a storm of oaths and threatenings. At last I forcibly shut the door upon him, and bolted him out. Whether this indignity was too much for the valorous soldier, or whether he felt sure that all chance was over, I know not; but when I looked out ten minutes after the coast was clear. I took my erring, wronged, yet still more wronged than erring child into my bosom, and thanked Heaven she was saved.

The next morning Mr. Sutherland arrived.

After this night's events I have little to say, or rather I prefer to say but little, of what passed during the remainder of that summer. We all traveled to England together, going round by Yorkshire in order to leave Mr. Le Poer's daughters at their own home. This was Mr. Sutherland's kind plan, that the two girls might be kept in ignorance of the whole affair, and especially of their father's ill-deeds. What they suspected I know not; they were merely told that it was the desire of Zillah's guardian to take her and her governess home with him.

So we parted at Halifax and I never saw any of the family again. I had no scruples about thus quitting them, as I found out from Mr. Sutherland that I had been engaged solely as governess to his ward, and that he had himself paid my salary in advance; the whole of which, in some way or other had been intercepted by Mr. Le Poer. The money of course was gone; but he had written to me with each remittance, and thus I had lost his letters. That was hard!

I also found out, with great joy and comfort, that my Zillah was truly Zillah Le Poer—her father's legitimate daughter and heiress. All I had been led to believe was a cruel and wicked lie. The whole history of her father and mother was one of these family tragedies, only too frequent, which, the actors in them being dead, are best forgotten. I shall not revive the tale.

In late autumn Mr. Sutherland sailed for India. Before he quitted England he made me sole guardian in his stead over Zillah Le Poer, assigning for her a handsome maintenance. He said he hoped we should all live happily together—she, my mother and I—until he came back. He spent a short time with us all at his country seat—a time which, looking back upon, seems in its eight days like eight separate years.

I ought to speak of Zillah, the unmoved center of so many convolving fates. She remained still and silent as ever—dull, grieved, humiliated. I told her gradually and gently the whole truth, and explained from how much she had been saved. She seemed grateful and penitent; it was clear that her heart had never been touched by love; she was yet a mere child. The only evidence of womanly shame she gave was in keeping entirely out of her guardian's way; nor did he take much notice of her except in reproaching himself to me with being neglectful of his charge; but he had so thoroughly trusted in the girl's uncle as being her best protector.

The only remark he ever made on Zillah's personal self was that she had beautiful eyes, adding, with a half sigh, "that he liked dark Oriental eyes." One day his mother told me something which explained this. She said he had been engaged to a young lady in India, who on the eve of their marriage had died. He had never cared much for woman's society since, and his mother thought would probably never marry. After his departure I learned the whole story. My heart bled over every pang he had suffered; he was so good and noble a man. And when I knew about his indifference to all women, I felt the more grateful for the trust he showed in me, by making me Zillah's guardian in his absence, and wishing me to write to him regularly of her welfare. The last words he said were asking me

Continued on page 6,

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THE MOST PERFECT AND ELEGANT PREPARATION AND SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
In the largest hospitals in the world, presided over by the most skillful of living physicians, the ingredients are prescribed more than twice as often as all others put together.
RIPANS TABULES
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,
And every other Symptom or Disease that results from any Disorder of the
Stomach, Liver or Bowels.
Ripans Tabules banish pain and prolong life. Ripans Tabules contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate.
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DOCTOR
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SURE THEEL CURE
All effects of youthful indiscretion (both sexes), Blood Poison, Rashings, Strictures, Hydrocele, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, Pimples, Poor Memory, Bashfulness and Debility. Relieves worst cases at once; cures fresh cases in 4 to 10 days. Twenty-six years' experience. Send 4 cts. in stamps for "Book Truth," exposing every form of Quackery. It is a true friend to old, young and middle-aged, and those contemplating marriage. Thousands who come for a scientific examination pronounce Dr. Theel the greatest of all Physicians. Dr. Theel cures cases that no one else can. Thousands of references. Hours, 9 to 3; Evenings, 6 to 9; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. SPECIAL HOURS for dangerous and severe cases: Daily, 10 to 1; Saturdays, 10 to 3; Saturday evenings only, 6 to 7.30; Sundays, 9 to 12. Write or call.

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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
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THE GREAT
German Remedy.
TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.	$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.
Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.	Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.
Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.	SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.
If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.	SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.
Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.	SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.
Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.	Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

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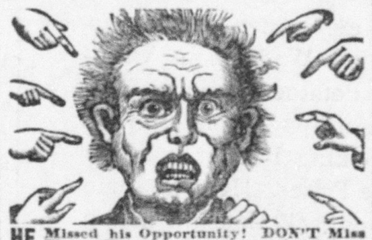
DR. HEBRA'S
VIOLA CREAM

Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, thereby producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. For sale at druggists or mailed for 50c. Send for circular.
G. C. BITNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.


HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM ONLY $20

HIGH ARM $25.00.
OUR FAVORITE SINGER
Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers
Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassers' Commissions. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials,
Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company,
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ANOTHER STRIKE AT HOMESTEAD.
Little Credence Placed in the Report of the Poisoning of Non Union Men.
HOMESTEAD, Dec. 12—The report of the wholesale poisoning of the men employed by Carnegie company last September is given but little credence by the people generally.
Dr. Barten, a prominent physician, said that he attributed the sickness to typhoid fever and that the idea that the men were poisoned was absurd. All the physicians and druggists seen expressed themselves in a like manner.
A small sized strike occurred at the mills to day, which was of but a short duration. Eighteen of the men employed in the transportation department struck, giving as their reason that the conductor or foreman they were working under was incompetent.
The superintendent failed to see it in that light, however, and the entire number were given their money and discharged. Their places will be filled immediately.

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo. O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific
It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.
48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

MARRIED.
BARNARD—MARKLE.—At the home of the bride Dec. 8, 1892, by Rev. J. J. Lohr; Mr. Irvin Barnard, of Spring township, and Miss Mary Alice Markle, of Walker township.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.
Did you ever have the blues, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times, and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a good crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverly Magazine, of different dates, for $1,00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes ect. The same amount of reading in the trashy 25c novel, would cost you $12.
Send stamp for sample. Address
WAVERLEY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass
Yours truly,
WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?
Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,

"I'M A DAISY."
which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.
Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep every one posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.
Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1893 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this worldfamous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calander and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ sixty hands in the mechanical work and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained without cost of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.
Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

An open letter to women. No. 3.
Thurlow, Penn.
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"If any one wants to know how good your medicine is, just refer them to me.
"I was so low, people thought I never could get well again.
"The trouble was in my womb, causing bearing-down and severe backache. I was so nervous and irritable my people could hardly live with me. Sometimes I would almost fall down, I was so dizzy, and how I did lie awake nights! I thought I should go crazy!
"But now all that is changed, and I am a well woman. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound*. Now, when I do not feel just right, I take a bottle of your medicine and a box of your pills, and they never fail me."
Mrs. L. Travis.

Yours for Health. Lydia E. Pinkham
All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

ELY'S Cream Balm
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.
CATARRH

HAY-FEVER
TRY THE CURE
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggist; by mail, registered, 60 cts.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

A Family Affair
Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.

Hires' Root Beer
THE GREAT
TEMPERANCE DRINK
Is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.
Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

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The oldest and best Institution for obtaining a
We have successfully prepared thousands of
YOUNG MEN
for the active duties of life. For circulars address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL AND SHORTHAND SCHOOL
PRACTICAL EDUCATION YIELDS PRACTICAL RESULTS.
IT HAS A Superior Course of Study. A Thorough Faculty. The Best Class of Students.
IT EDUCATES Capable Bookkeepers. Thorough Teachers. Expert Stenographers.
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WILLIAMS & ROGERS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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WALL PAPER BARGAINS
At Less than Manufacturers' Prices
TO CLOSE OUT 1892 GOODS.
Every roll new and selected from the best and largest manufacturers, by whom they are guaranteed, as also by us.
Pretty PAPERS, 8c. Roll; Worth 4 to 6c. at Factory.
HANDSOME GILTS, 5c. Roll; Worth 8 to 12c. at Factory.
4 to 18 inch BORDERS, 1c. Yard; Worth 2 to 8c. at Factory.
4 to 18 inch BORDERS, Gilt, 2 to 5c. Yd.; Worth 4 to 20c. at Factory.
SEND 8c. IN STAMPS
To pay postage on over 100 Matched Samples.
P. H. CADY, Providence, R. I.
We refer to Adams Ex. Co., of Providence, and to over 100,000 pleased customers in every State in the Union. AGENTS WANTED. Liberal inducements. Write for particulars.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.
What should we do?
Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.
They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.
Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.
Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH Co.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

Nothing On Earth Will
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
Sheridan's Condition Powder!
KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.
It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $50; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.
If you can't get it send to us.
We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $2.50. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free. Circulars free.
L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

MYSTIC CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES IN A DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS. BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.
Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men. FREE WITH ALL BELTS.
Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlet, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	Westward A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.9	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 10
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 46	10 50	5 59
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 45	5 41
Julian	32.9	5 06	10 59	5 10
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 98	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 52	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 58	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 48	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	P.M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 3
Vail	5.1	8 05	3 20	7 7
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 46
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 41
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 05	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 09	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	29.8	9 07	4 26	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 36	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 15
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 49
Beech Creek	46.0	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 24	10 05
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 06
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 35	10 1

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis. Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05	1 31		SCOTIA	25.6 9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	26.3 9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9 8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.6 8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.9 8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1 8 37	3 75
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Rd. f	10.4 8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8 8 27	3 46
6 18	11 19	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4 8 15	3 26
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1 8 10	3 20
6 40	11 32	22.5	Stover	2.7 7 58	3 1
6 50	11 49	25.6	TYRONE	7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1[illegible] a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	6.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	6.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	6.35
5.4	6.20	2.35	Biehl f		9.50	6.24
6.8	6.25	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.58	6.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	6.10
12.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.76
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	6.43
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	6.2
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	6.0
25.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	5.15
28.9	7.23	3.33	Cherry Run f		7.58	4.2
32.2	7.33	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	7.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	6 48
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	6.32
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		WESTWARD 1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar— Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 03	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

		WESTWARD.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg	3 39 a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
GRA EX,	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 00 m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 20 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 46 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX	l'ves Philadelphia	4 35 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila	4 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 32 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 20 p m

		EASTWARD.
Sea Shore Express	l'ves L Haven w	7 20 a m
"	" " Jersey Shore	7 48 a m
"	" " Wms'port	8 25 a m
"	arrives at

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman. Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall.	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P,	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard " N. G.	Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty " D M	Burlew	Blanchard
Marion " E P	Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Goimen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg.	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " 8 P	Alexander Miller.	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	Alfred Lucas	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Fort Matilda

WHAT WE SEE.

We see that Jay Gould forgot the public in his death as in his life;—

That he looked upon his fellow-men as simply subjects to be robbed;

That he was the king of sharpers;—

That he will be remembered with gratitude only by his own family;—

That no one else has cause to so remember him;—

That a petition asking for the repeal of the Chinese exclusion act and signed by 2500 prominent people of Massachusetts has been presented to congresss—

That Bishop Phillips Brooks, Rev. Minnot J. Savage, President Eliot of Harvard College, and William Loyd Garrison were among the signers;—

That Dr. Parkhurst is making it hot for Superintendent Byrnes of New York;—

That so far the preacher is way ahead of the policeman;—

That the pen is again shown to be mightier than billy;—

That Supt. Byrnes makes a better show dealing with vice than with virtue;—

That Martin-Burke, another of the Cronin murderers, is dead;—

That he died without making any confession;—

That he is the fifteenth man connected with the defence in this famous case to die since the murder was committed;—

That nearly all of them have met violent or mysterious deaths or died in prison;—

That there is justice outside of the courts;—

That Korsuth says he is not dead, but as well as a man of 90 can be;—

That Uncle Sam has ordered 3,000,000,000 postage stamps for 1893;—

That four murderers were hanged in one day in Kentucky last week;—

That suicides continue to increase;—

That the unknown world has more attractions for some people than this;—

That millionaires as well as tramps find temptations in death;—

That life ought to be better worth living;

That the woman who sued a Holyoke man for $1,000, for kissing her was awarded $25.—

That this is a pretty steep price for such commodities;—

That Rev. Mary T. Whitney was installed as pastor of the Unitarian church in Somerville lately;—

That Rev. Mary L. Leggett offered prayer at the installation and that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, this unordained preacher, gave the address to the people;—

Tha there is a good deal of talk about incendiarism in both Bellefonte and Milesburg;—

That all should be careful what they say;—

That a word once spoken can never be recalled;—

That it would be hard luck if an innocent man was accused;—

That to pay insurance for protection against fire then if misfortune comes be accused of great crime is not pleasant;—

That the Home talent minstrel company are likely to have a big House;—

That the Bellefonte Lutheran Festival will as it should excerise a liberal patronage;—

That if you have a note due next Monday it will be payable on Saturday as Monis a legal holiday;—

LADIES WHO BLOAT.

What a great number there are; how uncomfortable it makes them: it is almost impossible for those afflicted to enjoy life. In my private practice I have always found Sulphur Bitters to be the best remedy. All who are thus troubled should use it.

MRS. DR. CHILDS, BOSTON.

REPEAL THE SUGAR BOUNTY.

This is the cry from that section of the Solid South called Louisiana. Repeal the bounty, but give them a sugar Tariff instead. They will accept one and a half cents duty per pound. It will raise the cost of sugar to the consumer, but if Louisiana can make more money what right have the consumers to complain? They want a Tariff for a revenue only—the revenue only for themselves. An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans says they are showering letters upon Cleveland and the Democratic leaders in Congress. They say their "profits have been cut down."

"The entire delegation from Louisiana, Florida and Texas will demand the repeal of the bounty law and the restoration of the Tariff in a reduced form," says the dispatch.

It is impossible to prevent cough and cold in the winter season. A draught of air, the going out of a fire or any sudden change of the temperature of a room is sufficient to produce such a result. While we cannot prevent, we can easily cure these troublesome affections with a few doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup-

HASTINGS ITEMS.

A correspondent from Spangler to the Hastings *Tribune* says:

Mr. Henry Redding, of Snow Shoe, Centre County, has been placed in charge of Sterling No. 11, Gardner Branch, as mine boss. Henry is a first-class man, and we venture the opinion that No. 11 will make a creditable report.

The new saddlery of H. Butts is crowded with orders, having received an order from a gentleman residing in Atlantic City N. J., and numerous orders in and around Spangler.

Mr. Cole, of Bellefonte, dropped in to see us on Tuesday, and found everything moving all right about the Brandon.

Mr. Crane of Burnside, has the contract for plastering the Brandon, Mich is a first class workman. Mr. Letts, of Carrolltown, will put on the lead and oil.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*, I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with Bostan *Journal*.

Of the pressing needs and improtance of restricting immigration, to keep back the tide of incompetence and pauperism and crime, there is a strong and growing feeling.

IT IS NOT BEST.

to always believe everything that a person tells you, but when you hear that the best blood purifier is Sulphur Bitters, you can believe it, for they cured me of a severe case of blood poisoning.

REV. A. FAIRCHILD, N. Y. City.

At the Eureka Grocery they have some fine Oranges, Lemons, and Home made candy call and see. their store is on High street Bellefonte next door to Post Office.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead."**

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

WANAMAKER'S IDEAL POSTAL SERVICE.

On the 1-cent postage question, Mr. Wanamaker says, "The present letter rate pays actually double the cost, and by this over pay serves as a protective rate to the department to cover the under pay from doing an express business for periodicals and books and carrying advertising sheets at 1-cent per pound at a loss of six cents per pound."

Something to take the place of fractional currency for the remittance of small sums is very desirable. He urges the issue of a money postal card of denominations often, twenty-five and fifty cents and $1.

The report closes with the following: "My idea of the American postal service is a system modeled upon a district plan with fewer offices, and those grouped around central offices, under thorough supervision. By this means at least 20,000 offices could be abandoned that produce to nothing the department. The place of every abolished money order and non registry office might be an automatic stamp selling machine and a letter box to receive mail. With the money saved should be instituted a system of collection and delivery by mounted carriers, bicycle riders and star and messenger contractors, to gradually spread the free delivery all over the country. The classes of postage should be reduced to three, and the rate of postage the world over to one cent for each half ounce."

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

Senator Chandler, who has been giving careful study to the immigration question, has submitted his propositions to his colleagues of the Senate Committee on Immigration, which was finally able to hold a meeting in New York. The most important of his recommendations is that all immigration, except from North and South American countries, shall be suspended for a year from the first of next March. One of his strong reasons for proposing such a law is, if possible, to keep cholera out of the United States.

His proposition should lead to early and decided action. All wish the success of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and the cholera would be its ruin. All wish, still more earnestly, the preservation of the people from pestilence.

The Huntingdon news says that Jay Gould was not a bad man because he was rich but that people envy him and are mad because they have not got as much as he. That is just our fix we are mad because we are not worth a hundred million yes we are mad and we want to know what is going to be done about it.

FORTY THOUSAND LITTLE CHILDREN in London go to school without breakfast, so says a report in the *Christian Register*, and careful investigation, the *Register* says, shows this painful report not exaggerated

—C. D. Krider, car inspector at Bellefonte station, sprained his back last Friday but was able to resume work next day.

Blow, blow, blow! That disagreeable catarrh can be cured by taking Hoods Sarsaparilla, the constitutional remedy.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	65
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	32
Barley	40
Cloverseed, fair to good	8.0
do prime and extra prime	8.50
do choice	9 0
Flour, retail, per barrel	4 60
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	13.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	50
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	10
Hams, sugar cured	14
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	14
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	10
Eggs, per dozen	25
Potatoes, per bushel	55
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 15

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Bellefonte, at Bellefonte, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, Dec. 9th. 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$540,516.69
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	9,830.54
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc	16,795.00
Due from approved reserve agents	29,126.06
Due from State Banks and bankers	12,628.97
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	30,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	4,749.82
Premium on U. S. Bonds	2,000.00
Checks and other cash items	2,421 02
Bills of other Banks	1,430.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	203.15
Specie	54,582.60
Legal-tender notes	15,140.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125.00
Total	$745,498.25

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	60,000.00
Undivided profits	26,848.91
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500.00
Individual deposits subject to ch'k	273,939.19
Time certificates of deposit	225,356.39
Due to other National Banks	36,853.76
Total	$745,498.25

State of Penna., County of Centre, SS.:

I, John P. Harris, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN P. HARRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Dec., 1892. W. F. REEDER, N. P.

CORRECT ATTEST:

E. C. HUMES
GEO. F. HARRIS, } Directors.
ROBT. VALENTINE,

Shoots it on the Spot— ST. JACOBS OIL is the sworn enemy of Pain. It fights to Kill. It wins its Battles and Comes off Conqueror.

WHAT TO GET FOR CHRISTMAS

—IS—

A STICKER,

TO MORE THAN ONE HEAD OF A FAMILY.

One thing is certain—there must be plenty of Candy for the Youngsters. We have the Very Best

CONFECTIONERY

—AT THE—

EUREKA

JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

READ THE FOLLOWING BIG LIST:

Clear Toys, Delicious Mixtures, Chocolates, Dates and other Fruit, Confections, and last but not least, plenty of Pop Corn Balls. All kinds of Nuts, Florida Oranges, 35 and 50 cents per dozen. Lemons 30c.

Where would your Turkey dinner be without Cranberry Sauce to go with it. We have fine Cranberries, and excellent Sweet Potatoes, Onions, &c.

Will you stand aghast when we tell you that with every 50c. can of Lincoln Baking Powder you can select valuable and handsome Prizes. Here are some things you can get: A clothes rack, that will hold a week's ironing; porcelain-lined kettles, handsome tall lamps, vases, crystal water sets, breakfast castors, butter and other dishes, in ruby ware; rochelle cup, saucer and plate; any of these articles would make excellent Christmas Gifts, and cost you nothing. The baking powder you will not be obliged to throw away as it is a good quality.

Pickles and Olives ought to grace your table, and you can get them, as well as anything else in the Grocery line, by calling at the

EUREKA CASH GROCERY,

High Street, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Next door to the postoffice.

M. P. TUTEN, Proprietor.

You and Your Children

It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, **Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

EDITORS TABLE.

"Sweet Bells Out of Tune," Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel of New York society, which has just begun in *The Century* has made a great hit. The publishers have printed the opening chapters from the November *Century*, and will send the pamphlet containing them to any one who asks for it. Write to The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York, and get it. The novel is the greatest society story that has appeared in many years. It is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

A special feature of the next number of *Harper's Weekly*, published December 14th will be four pages of illustrations from works of art at the Retrospective Exhibition of American Artists now in progress in New York city. Another attractive feature will be a series of illustrations of scenes in the Venezuelan war from photographs taken on fields of battle and in other strikingly interesting localities, the whole accompanied by a timely and entertaining descriptive article.

THE Christmas number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was published December 6th. It contains illustrated Christmas stories by William Drysdale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and John Kendrick Bangs; a Christmas pantomine in one act, entitled "Dresden China," by Ellen Douglas Deland; a Christmas poem, "A Song of Kriss Kringle's Tree," by Margaret E. Sangster; a practical article, with illustrations, on Christmas presents, entitled "A Visit to Santa Claus's Warehouse," by Margaret Fezandie; and a full-page illustration, "Christmas Morning," by Otto Beck. There are also a number of short articles on a variety of subjects, and the continuation of Kirk Munroe's interesting serial, "Raftmates," besides the usual supplement and a beautiful cover specially designed for this issue.

"Epitaphs on Wealth," is the title of a timely paper of much interest to all thoughtful people, which Thomas Wentworth Higginson will contribute to the forth-coming number of *Harper's Bazar*. The same number will also contain a valuable article on "Incompatibility," by Marion Harland.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞ GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

Pitcher's Castoria.

AUDITORS NOTICE In the Orphans Court of Centre county. In the matter of the estate of Wm Montgomery late of Howard township deceased. The undersigned having been appointed an auditor by said court to distribute the fund in the hands of willis Weaver administrator of Wm Montgomery to and among those legally entitled to receive the same given notice that he will be in his office in Bellefonte for the duties of his appointment on Jan. 6th 1893 at 10 o'clock, a. m.

E. R. CHAMBERS, Auditor.

1893.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The serials for 1893 will be written by Walter Besant and Edna Lyall. Christine Terhune Perrick will furnish a practical series, entitled "At the Toilet." Grace King, Olive Thorne Miller, and Candace Wheeler will be frequent contributors. The work of women in the Columbian Exposition will be fully represented with many illustrations. W. T. Higginson, in 'Women and Men,' will please a cultivated audience.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January for each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

—THE—

NEW YORK LEDGER.

THE LEADING FAMILY WEEKLY OF AMERICA.

Gives the following, a partial list only, of its main attractions.

1 COMPLETE NOVELEITES ILLUSTRATED,—one novelette complete in each issue by such authors as;
Maurice Thompson, Mrs William Winter,
Helen Marshal North, J H Connelly,
Louis Harman Peet, Mary Kyle Dallas,
Howard M Hoke, William Perry Brown,
W C Kitchin.

2 CHOICE SERIALS—beautifully and profusely illustrated, by the most popular favorites of the day, who will be specially engaged.

3 VALUABLE ARTICLES FOR WOMEN. "The Woman's World," a full page devoted to interesting and useful gossip about household matters, children, servants, fashion, etiquette and society.
"From the World's Four Corners," a column of bright and breezy chat about the women of the day and what they are doing.

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The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. Lam-3-25

It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Lam-3-26

Therefore I will look unto the Lord: I will wait for the God of my salvation; My God will hear me. Micah-7-7

Hark! what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?
It is the music of His people's prayer?
Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb!
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, "I come!"

—*F. Myers*

It is not on great occasions only that we are required to be faithful to the will of God; occasions constantly occur, and we should be surprised to perceive how much our spiritual advancement depends on small obedience.—*Madame Swetchine.*

THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

Alcohol being the excreta of animalculœ, the product of the decomposition of grape-juice, corn, malt, apples, or other starchy substances, is therefore the enemy of life,—the very ashes of death.

Scientists agree in placing alcohol among the most irritant, virulent, and deadly poisons to animal life. A small quantity taken pure will paralyze the nerve centers, and, like an electric shock, kill instantly.

The ordinary effect of alcohol is to irritate and parch the mucous membranes of the intestines, and paralyze the nerves. When taken into the system, either in the form of whiskey, brandy, beer, cordials, or light wines, etc., its poisonous effects, while so exhilarating as to be very fascinating, are so deleterious to all the nerve tissues and fibers of the body, that a great derangement of all the vital organs inevitably follows.

The effect of alcohol contained in these beverages finds its way to the lungs and arteries which are connected with the heart, and they become more or less congested and paralyzed by the poison, and incapable of rightly performing their ordinary functions; and this burning or corroding effect commences with the smallest quantity of alcohol taken in the system. Therefore there is no such thing as "moderation" in the use of alcoholic beverages; the poison in them is always active in its deadly mission, and goes on all through the body; but the result on the heart and brain is especially noticable, as these organs are very sensitive, and are so retarded in their operations that disease and death would rapidly ensue were there not in nature a generous amount of active recuperation struggling to counteract and eliminate the poison.

Alcohol, being a foreign, poisonous element, even when greatly diluted, as in beer, which containes from 5 to 8 per cent of it, does not assimilate like food, but taxes nature with extra exertion to expel the intruder, which is partly ejected through the lungs or breath, but mostly through the pores of the skin and through the kidneys, which become more or less inflamed, and therefore obstructed by congestion; but enough of the poison will linger in the system to aggravate any disease to which the drinker is liable, and hasten a fatal termination.

Many of these indications and symptoms of a poisoned, diseased body, would horrify drinkers were they sufficiently aroused, or were they anxious or willing to believe the facts as they develop themselves to their experience, or could they realize that they transmit to their prosterity a hereditary taint that is too horrible to contemplate. But the truth comes to their impaired brains through so many insidious problems of prejudice, habit, and appetite, and they are so enticed by the pleasurable, exciting sensation, that they find difficulty in tracing the poisonous effects directly to the amount of alcohol they consume, and so are constantly cheating and flattering themselves into a conviction that they can use these poisonous beverages with impunity. Hence the poor victims of alcohol poisoning, prompted by an imperious thirst, go on and on, until finally chronic delirium or dementia takes possession of the brain, or death itself, through some ordinary or extraordinary disease brought on or actively developed by alcohol poisoning, closes the scene. This is especially true when they are attacked by cholera, or other infectious diseases. The certain victims are always those whose systems are impregnated with alcohol.

Even when taken as medicine, alcoholic beverages frequently produce results far worse than the disease. Extensive hospital practice, both in this country and in Europe, has proved the great benefits of an entire exclusion of this poison as a remedy, other agents being used, which are quite as efficient, but not followed by the paralyzing or stupefying effects of alcohol's corrosive poison.

Alcohol, in its action on animal matter, is somewhat analogous to arsenic, morphine, or strychnine; it tends to suspend decay in dead matter, and in live bodies it paralyzes or inflames with congestion, in this way showing that it is the active enemy of all life or death in disguise.

More than two thousand years ago the results of alcohol on the body were compared to the bite of a serpent and the sting of an adder; and alcohol has not changed its nature since. At the present time, alcoholic beverages are certainly the most injurious deceptive, and dangerous elements of death and destruction that exist, and the annals of criminal courts prove that it is an aggravated public nuisance generally.

Yet these beverages are so fascinating, and the poison in them so insidious, that the whole human race has been deluded and cheated for thousands of years, and more injury has resulted from their use than has been occasioned by all the woes of war, famine, and pestilence combined; and now that science, experience, and an enlightened reason have so largely dissipated such delusive cobwebs of appetite, prejudice, and passion, these poisonous alcoholic beverages should be banished with all the intelligent energy that an injured and outraged people can command.

A correspondent of the Philipsburg *Ledger* says: "That three fourths of the people of Allport do not want a licensed place in that town, N. C. Morrow, of Allport, has started a Hotel for the accommodation of the traveling public. His sign reads, "Temperance House." He has plenty of room, good stables, sets a fine table, what more can any reasonable traveler ask? Allport does not need license and we earnestly pray it may not be granted. No man who is willing to sell liquor to his fellow men is worth a recommendation.

Some parties are trying to have a licensed House established at Chester Hill Clearfield county a correspondent of the Phil. *Ledger* from that town says: The majority of the people, however, do not want license at all. Chester Hill has been a borough for several years. Never yet has rum (except bay rum) been sold within the borough limits. The borough is noted for its quietness and peacefulness. If license is granted all this may be changed—as it is in almost every instance—to drunken brawls, curses and possible murders. We do not want our town to be in a condition that it will not be safe for a lady to venture on the streets after dark. It is earnestly hoped that Judge Krebs will yield to the wishes of the majority of the citizens.

When the saloon keepers of Detroit, Mich., met in that city to make arrangements for the liquor dealers' association, the speeches made gives us an excellent opportunity to "learn from our enemy.' Said one: "I urge all members of the association to watch the nominees for the state legistature. Information must be secured concerning each. If Republican or Democrat be opposed to us, he must be turned down." Another said, "I am a Democrat, have always been a Democrat, but this year my vote, my work and my money shall go to the support of the man who favors us, no matter of what political complexion he may be." Still another: "There are now in existence obnoxious laws; they must be repealed. How is that to be done? Mark well whom you send to the legislature. Be watch dogs and see that the next public prosecutor of this county is such a man as meets your requirements." One very amusing feature of some of the speeches was the anxiety with which the speakers urged upon their hearers the necessity of making a good impression upon the people by gentlemanly behavior. One speaker said, "Let them see that there are gentlemen among the saloon keepers." Another warned them not to get drunk until after business hours!

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Gentlemen:—I have been an invalid for over seven years. At first **Kidney Trouble** caused such a weakness in my back that I was **THE unable to do my work standing up.** I rapidly run down until disease peculiar to my sex fastened upon me, and **LIFE BECAME A TORTURE,** such as only those afflicted as I was can know. Compelled to **sit** or **lie down** all the time—to stand upon my feet for **twenty minutes** at a time was a **torture unspeakable.** The TERRIBLE **DRAGGING DOWN SENSATION** would send such a feeling to my brain that I would be **KIND** almost **INSANE.** My nervous system weakened until the **SLIGHTEST NOISE** would nearly **DRIVE ME WILD.** A **Nervous Headache** was my constant visitant. I tried the various Compounds **THAT** and Prescriptions so much advertised, but obtained no relief. My Physician at last told me **I COULD NEVER GET WELL.** Last March I got a bottle of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. I thought the first bottle help **CURES** ed me a little. I have used **nine bottles** of SARSAPARILLA and four bottles of DANA'S LIVER & KIDNEY PILLS, **and find myself able to do all the hard work in a family of four. I AM NEARLY WELL. Can stand upon my feet and work all day without suffering.** God alone knows how grateful I am. I wish all suffering as I was knew of your **Great Remedy.**

Yours truly,
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We challenge any other sewing machines to meet the Davis in a contest, as to the real merits of each, and will be glad to make a public exhibition in practical and fancy sewing. If three or more machines will accept this challenge, we will furnish the room free of charge, including light and heat for that purpose.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Mrs. Mary A McMullen vs. James K. McMullen } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre Co.: No. 260, Aug. T. '92 Fi Fa No. 111, Aug T., 1892.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county to distribute the fund in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the personal property of said defendant to and among the persons legally entitled therete, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of attending to his duties at his office in Bellefonte on Monday, January 16, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m.

A. A. DALE, Auditor.

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Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 13th, 1892

For more than 5 years I have had a bad eye trouble, etc., miserable case of dyspepsia, felt generally very bad, became very thin and pale and never had any appetite. But now, after only a few months treatment with Dr. Salm I have gained very much in flesh, my Dyspepsia is cured and my eyes are as well as anyones and I consider myself, thanks to the good Doctor, once more hale and hearty,

MISS MILLIE KELLY,
Attested by her mother, Snow Shoe
Sarah Kelly. Centre Co., Pa.

SELF-EXPLANTORY.

Tyrone Sept. 20, 1892

DR SALM.

The Medicine you gave me for Bronchitis and Asthma helped me wonderfully. There are 5 or 6 persons here who know of the success you have with me want to see you about their health. Let me know if you can stop over here, if not we will come to see you at Bellefonte Yours Respts.

MRS. Jennie Corsan.

THE EYES ARE NOW STRAIGHT THANKS TO THE DR.

Indiana Oct. 12th 1892.

I have been cross-eyed and that badly for over 28 years. Dr. Salm operated on both eyes in less than two minutes time, without causing the least pain, nor was I confined to my room for a single moment I can conscientiously say that they are now perfectly strong, thanks to the Dr.

MRS. CALLIE KINTER.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. JOHN NEWDORFER.

Delmont, Pa.

LUNG TROUBLE & CATARRH CURED

I have had lung trouble and a bad case of catarrh for years, my breathing became very laborious about a year before I came to Dr. M Salm under treatment, and I was unable to do any work whatever, appetite all gone and I became a complete physical wreck and I could see in my friends' eyes that they gave me up for lost. However, after all this, I consider myself now entirely cured, breathing good, no more catarrh, can work all day and feel happy once more; thanks to this great doctor. LIZZIE ALLISON.

Oct. 22, 1891. Blairsville Intersection.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the highway to recovery.

WM. ROSENBERGER,
18 Muskingum St.,
June 27, 1880. Massillon, O.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. JACAB SHAFFER.

Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor.

I G JONES.

Our daughter Mary has been crosseyed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of not more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given The eye is now as straight as any one's.

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to go and see his mother often; and then he bade God bless me, and called me "his dear friend." He was very kind always!

We had a quiet winter, for my health was not good—I being often delicate in winter time. My mother and Zillah took care of me, and I was very grateful for their love. I got well at last as the springtime advanced, and went on in my old ways.

There are sometimes long pauses in one's life—deep rests or sleeps of years in which month after month and season after season, float on each the same; during which the soul lies either quiet or torpid, as may be. Thus, without any trouble, joy or change, we lived for several years—my mother, Zillah Le-Poer and I. One morning I found, with a curious surprise, but without any of the horror which most women are supposed to feel at that fact, that I was thirty years old!

We discovered by the same reckoning that Zillah was just nineteen. I remember she put her laughing face beside mine in the glass. There was a great difference truly. I do not mean the difference in her from me, for I never compared that, but in her former self. She had grown up into a woman, and, as that glass told me, and my own eyes told me, a very striking woman too. I was little of a judge in beauty myself; still I knew well that everybody we met thought her handsome. Likewise, she had grown up beautiful in mind as well as in body. I was very proud of my dear child.

I well remember this day, when she was nineteen and I thirty. I remember it, I say, because our kind friend in India had remembered it likewise, and sent us each a magnificent shawl; far too magnificent it was for a little body like me, but it became Zillah splendidly. She tucked me under her arm as if I had been a little girl, and walked me up and down the room; for she was of a cheerful, gay temper now—just the one to make an old heart young again, to flash upon a worn spirit with the brightness of its own long-past morning.

I recollect thinking thus at the time—I wish I had thought so oftener! But it matters little; I only chronicle this day, as being the first when Zillah unconsciously put herself on a level with me, becoming thenceforward a woman, and my equal—no longer a mere pet and a child.

About this time—I may as well just state the fact to comfort other maidens of thirty years' standing—I received an offer of marriage, the first I had ever had. He who asked me was a gentleman of my own age, an old acquaintance, though never a very intimate friend. I examined myself well, with great humility and regret, for he was an excellent man; but I found I could not marry him. It was very strange that he should ask me, I thought. My mother, proud and pleased—first, because I had the honor of a proposal; secondly, that it was refused, and she kept her child still—would have it that the circumstance was not strange at all. She said many women were handsomer and more attractive at thirty than they had ever been in their lives. My poor, fond, deluded and deluding mother, in whose sight even I was fair! That night I was foolish enough to look long into the glass, at my quiet little face, and my pale, gray-blue eyes—not dark like Zillah's—foolish enough to count narrowly the white threads that were coming one by one into my hair. This trouble—I mean the offer of marriage—I did not quite get over for many weeks, even months.

The following year of my life there befell me a great pang. Of this, a grief never to be forgotten, a loss never to be restored—I cannot even now say more than is implied in three words—my mother died! After that Zillah and I lived together alone for twelve months or more.

There are some scenes in our life—landscape scenes I mean—that we remember very clearly; one strikes me now. A quiet, soft May day; the hedges just in their first green, the horse-chestnuts white with flowers; the long, silent country lanes swept through by a traveling carriage, in which two women, equally silent, sat—Zillah Le Poer and I.

It was the month before her coming of age, and she was going to meet her guardian, who had just returned from India.

Mrs. Sutherland had received a letter from Southampton, and immediately sent for us into the country to meet her son, her "beloved Andrew." I merely repeat the words as I remember Zillah's doing, while she laughed at the ugly name. I never thought it ugly.

When we had really started, however, Zillah ceased laughing, and became grave, probably at the recollection of that humiliating circumstance which first brought her acquainted with her guardian. But despite this ill-omened beginning, her youth had blossomed into great perfection. As she sat there before me, fair in person, well cultured in mind, and pure and virgin in heart—for I had so kept her out of harm's way that, though nearly twenty-one, I knew she had never been "in love" with any man—as she sat thus, I felt proud and glad in her, feeling sure that Mr. Sutherland would say I had well fulfilled the charge he gave.

We drove to the lodge gates. An English country-house is always fair to see; this was very beautiful—I remembered it seven years ago, only that it was autumn, and now spring. Zillah remembered it likewise; she drew back, and I heard her whisper uneasily: "Now we shall soon see Mr. Sutherland."

I did not answer her a word.

We rolled up the avenue under the large chestnut-trees. I saw some one standing at the portico; then I think the motion of the carriage must have made me dizzy, for all grew indistinct, except a firm, kind hand holding me as I stepped down, and the words, "Take care, my dear Cassia!" It was Mr. Sutherland!

He scarcely observed Zillah, till in the hall I introduced her to him. He seemed surprised, startled, pleased. Talking of her to me that evening, he light still, would not consent. So the thing was settled.

It was a very brilliant affair, for Mr. Sutherland spared no expense. He seemed to show a restless eagerness in providing for his young favorite everything she could desire. Nay, in answer to her wayward entreaties, he even consented to open the ball with her, though saying "he was sure he should make an old simpleton of himself." That was not likely!

I watched them walk down the room together, and heard may people say with a smile what a handsome pair they were, notwithstanding the considerable difference of age.

It was a very quiet evening to me. Being strange to almost everyone there, I sat near old Mrs. Sutherland in a corner. Mr. Sutherland asked me to dance once, but I did not feel strong, and indeed for the last few years I had almost given up dancing. He laughed, and said merrily: "It was not fair for him to be beginning life just when I ended it." A true word spoken in a jest! But I only smiled.

The ball produced results not unlikely, when one considered that it was meant for the introduction into society of a young woman, handsome, attractive, and an heiress. A week or two after Zillah's birthday Mr. Sutherland called me once more into his study.

I noticed he looked rather paler and less composed than usual. He forgot even to ask me to sit down, and we stood together by the fire-place, which I remember was filled with a great vase of lilacs that Zillah had insisted on placing there. It filled the room with a strong, rich scent, which now I never perceive without its bringing back to my mind that room and that day.

He said: "I have had a letter to-day on which I wish to consult with you before showing it to Miss Le Poer." (I was rather startled by the formal words, since he usually called her "Zillah," as was natural.)

"It is a letter—scarcely surprising—in fact to be expected after what I noticed at the dinner-party yesterday; in fact——But you had better read it yourself."

He took the letter from his desk and gave it to me. It was an earnest and apparently sincere application for the hand of his ward. The suitor, the Hon. Henry French, was of good family and moderate prospects. I had noticed he was very attentive to Zillah at the ball, and on some occasions since; still I was a good deal surprised, more so even than was Mr. Sutherland, who had evidently watched her far closer than I. I gave him back the letter in silence, and avoided looking at his face.

"Well, Cassia," he said after a pause, and with an appearance of gayety, "what is to be done? You women are the best counselors in these matters."

I smiled, but both he and I very soon became grave once more.

"It is a thing to be expected," continued he in a voice rather formal and hard. "With Zillah's personal attractions and large fortune she was sure to receive many offers. Still it is early to begin these affairs."

I reminded him that she was twenty-one.

"True, true. She might, under other circumstances, have been married long before this. Do you think that she ——"

I suppose he was going to ask me whether I thought she was likely to accept Mr. French, or had hitherto formed any attachment. But probably delicacy withheld him, for he suddenly stopped and omitted the question. Soon he went on in the same steady tone:

"I think Zillah ought to be made acquainted with this circumstance. Mr. French states that this letter to me is the first confession of his feelings. That was honorable on his part. He is a gentleman of good standing, though far her inferior in fortune. People might say that he wanted her property to patch up the decayed estates at Weston-Brook."

This was spoken bitterly, very bitterly for a man of such kind nature as Andrew Sutherland. He seemed conscious of it and added: "I may wrong him, and if so I regret it. But do you not think, Cassia, that of all things it must be most despicable, most mean, most galling to a man of any pride or honest feeling, the thought of the world's saying that he married his wife for money, as a prop to his falling for-

said, he had not thought she would have grown up thus; and I noticed him look at her at times with a pensive kindness. Mrs. Sutherland whispered to me that the lady he had been engaged to was a half-caste like Zillah, which accounted for it. His mother's prophecy had been right; he had come back as he went out—unmarried.

When Zillah went to bed she was full of admiration for her guardian. He was so tall, so stately. Then his thick, curling fair hair—just like a young man's, with scarcely a shadow of gray. She would not believe that he was over forty—ten years older than myself—until by some pertinacity I had impressed this fact upon her. And then she said it did not signify, as she liked such "dear old souls" as him and me much better than any young people. Her fervor of admiration made me smile, but after this night I observed that the expression of it gradually ceased.

Though I was not so demonstrative as Zillah, it will not be supposed but that I was truly glad to see my old friend, Mr. Sutherland. He was very kind, talked to me long of past things, and as he cast a glance on my black dress, I saw his lips quiver; he took my hand and pressed it like a brother. God bless him for that!

But one thing struck me—a thing I had not calculated on—the alteration seven years had made in us both. When he took me down to dinner, I accidentally caught sight of our two figures in the large pier-glass. Age tells so differently on man and woman; I remember the time when he was a grown man, and I a mere girl; now he looked a stately gentleman in the prime of life, and I a middle-aged, old-maidish woman. Perhaps something more than years had done this; yet it was quite natural, only I had never thought of it before.

So, when the first meeting was over, with the excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, which as a matter of course it brought to us all—when we had severally bidden each other good-night, and Mr. Sutherland had said smilingly that he was glad it was only good-night, not good-bye—when the whole house was quiet and asleep—to use the psalmist's solemn words, "At night on my bed I communed with my own heart in my chamber, and was still."

"Cassia, I want to speak to you particularly," said Mr. Sutherland to me one morning, as after breakfast he was about to go into his study. Zillah placed herself in the doorway with the pretty obstinacy, half womanish, half girlish, that she sometimes used with her guardian—much to my surprise. Zillah was on excellent terms with him, considering their brief acquaintance of three weeks. In that time she had treated him as I in my whole life-time had never ventured to do—willfully, jestingly, even crossly, yet he seemed to like it. They were very social and merry, for his disposition had apparently grown more cheerful as he advanced in life. Their relation was scarcely like guardian and ward, but that of perfect equality—pleasant and confidential, which somewhat surprised me, until I recollected what opportunities they had of intercourse, and what strong friendships are sometimes formed even in a single week or fortnight when people are shut up together in a rather lonely country-house. This was the state of things among us all on the morning when Mr. Sutherland called me to his study. Zillah wanted to go likewise.

"Not to-day," he answered her, very gently and smilingly. "I have business to talk over with Miss Pryor." (I knew he said "Miss Pryor" out of respect, yet it hurt me—I had been "Cassia" with him so many years. Perhaps he thought I was outgrowing my baby name now.)

The business he wished to speak of was about Zillah's coming of age next week, and what was to be done on the occasion. "Should he, ought he, to give a ball, a dinner, anything of that sort? Would Zillah like it?"

This was a great concession, for in old times he always disliked society. I answered that I did not think such display necessary, but I would try to find out Zillah's mind.

I did so. It was an innocent, girlish mind, keenly alive to pleasure, and new to everything. The consequences were natural—the ball must be. A little she hesitated when I hinted at her guardian's peculiarities, and then she offered cheerfully to renounce her delight. But he, his eyes beaming with a deeper detunes, or a shield to his crumbling honor? I would die a thousand deaths first."

In the passion of the moment the red color rushed violently to his cheek, and then he became more pallid than ever. I watched him; my eyes were opened now. I held fast by the marble chimney-piece, so that I could stand quite upright, firm and quiet. He walked hurriedly to the window, and flung it open, saying the scent of the lilacs was too strong. When he came back, we were both ready to talk again. I believe I spoke first—to save him the pain of doing so.

"I have no idea," said I, and I said truly, "what answer Zillah will give to this letter. Hitherto I have known all her feelings, and am confident that while she stayed with me her heart was untouched."

Here I waited for him to speak, but he did not. I went on:

"Mr. French is very agreeable, and she seems to like him; but a girl's heart, if of any value at all, is rarely won in three meetings. I think, however, that Zillah ought to be made acquainted with this letter. Will you tell her, or shall I?"

"Go you and do it—a woman can best deal with a woman in these cases. And," he added, rising slowly and looking down upon me with that grave and self-possessed smile which was likewise as sweet as any woman's, "tell Zillah from me, that though I wish her to marry in her own rank and with near equality of fortune, to save her from all those dangers of mercenary offers to which an heiress is so cruelly exposed, still, both now and at all times, I leave her to the dictates of her own affections and her happiness will ever be my chief consideration in life."

He spoke with formal serenity until the latter words, when his voice faltered a little. Then he led me to the door and I went out.

Zillah lay on a sofa reading a love-story. Her crisp black hair was tossed about the crimson cushions, and her whole figure was that of rich Eastern luxuriance. She had always rather a fantastic way of dress, and now she looked almost like a princess out of the Arabian Nights. Even though her skin was that of half-caste, and her little hands were not white but brown, there was no denying that she was a very beautiful woman. I felt it—saw it—knew it!

After a minute's pause I went to her side; she jumped up and kissed me, as she was rather fond of doing. I half shrank back—her kisses were very painful to me just then. I came as quickly as possible to my errand, and gave her the letter to read.

As she glanced through it her cheeks flushed and her lips began to curl. She threw the letter on my lap, and said abruptly, "Well, and what of that?"

I began a few necessary explanations. Zillah stopped me—

"Oh, I heard something of the sort from Mr. French last night. I did not believe him, nor do I now. He is only making a jest of me."

I answered that this was impossible. In my own mind I was surprised at Zillah's having known the matter before, and having kept it so quietly. Mr. French's statement about his honorable reticence toward the lady of his devotions must have been untrue. Still this was not so remarkable as Zillah's own secrecy about her having a lover.

"Why did you not tell me, my dear?" said I; "you know your happiness is of the first importance to me as well as to your guardian." And, rather hesitating, I repeated, word by word, as near as I could, Mr. Sutherland's message.

While I spoke Zillah hid her face among the cushions, and then drew it out burning red.

"He thinks I am going to accept the creature then? He would have me marry a conceited, chattering, mean-looking, foolish boy!" (Now Mr. French was certainly twenty-five.) "One, too, that only wants me for my fortune and nothing else. It is very wrong, cruel, and heartless of him, and you may go and tell him so."

"Tell who?" said I, bewildered by this outburst of indignation, and great confusion of personal pronouns.

"Mr. Sutherland, of course! Who else would I tell? Whose opinion else do I care for? Go and say to him—No," she added, abruptly; "no, you needn't trouble him with anything about me. Just say I shall not marry Mr. French, and he will be so kind as to give him his answer and bid him let me alone."

Here, quite exhausted with her wrath, Zillah sank back, and took her book, turning her head from me. But I saw that she did not read one line, that her motionless eyes were fixed and full of strange deep expression. I began to cease wondering what the future would bring.

Very soon afterward I went back to Mr. Sutherland and told him all that had passed; just the plain facts, without any comments of my own.

He apparently required none. I found him sitting composedly with some papers before him—he had for the last few days been immersed in business which seemed rather to trouble him; he started a little as I entered, but immediately came forward and listened with a quiet aspect to the message I had to bring. I could not tell whether it made him happy or the contrary; his countenance could be at times so totally impassive that no friend, dearest or nearest, could ever find out from it anything he did not wish to betray.

"The matter is settled then," said he gravely; "I will write to Mr. French to-day, and perhaps it would be as well if we never alluded to what has passed. I, at least, shall not do it; tell Zillah so. But in the future, say that I entreat she keeps no secret back from you. Remember this, my dear Cassia; watch over her as you love her—and you do love her?" continued he, grasping my hand.

I answered that I did, and God knows even then I told no lie. She was a very dear child to me always!

Mr. Sutherland seemed quite satisfied and at rest. He bade me a cheerful good-bye, which I knew meant that I should go away, so accordingly I went.

Passing the drawing-room door, I saw Zillah lying in her old position on the sofa; so I would not disturb her, but went and walked up and down under a clump of fir-trees in the garden. They made a shadow dark and grave, and still; it was more natural than being on the lawn among the flowers, the sunshine and the bees. I did not come in for hours.

At dinner there were, fortunately, only ourselves, just a family party. Mr. Sutherland did not join us until we reached the dining-room door. I noticed that Zillah's color changed as he approached, and that all dinner-time she hardly spoke to him; but he behaved to her as usual. He was rather thoughtful, for, as he told me privately, he had some trifling business anxieties burdening him just then; otherwise he seemed the same. Nevertheless, whether it was his fault or Zillah's, in a few days the fact grew apparent to me that they were not quite such good friends as heretofore. A restraint, a discomfort, a shadow scarcely tangible, yet still real, was felt between them. Such a cloud often rises—a mist that comes just before the day-dawn; or, as happens sometimes, before night.

For many days—how many I do not recollect, since about this time all in the house and in the world without seemed to go on so strangely—for many days afterward nothing happened of any consequence, except that on Sunday afternoon I made a faint struggle of politeness in some remark about "going home" and "encroaching on their hospitality," which was met with such evident pain and alarm by all parties, that I was silent; so we stayed yet longer.

One morning—it was high summer now—we were sitting at breakfast; we three only, as Mrs. Sutherland never rose early. I was making tea, Zillah near me, and Mr. Sutherland at the foot of the table. He looked anxious and did not talk much, though I remember he rose up once to throw a handful of crumbs to a half-tame thrush that had built in a laurel-bush on the lawn—he was always so kind to every living thing!

"There, my fine bird, take some food home to your wife and weans!" said he, pleasantly; but at the words, became grave, even sad, once more. He had his letters beside him, and opened them successively until he came to one—a momentous one, I knew, for though he never moved, but read quietly on, every ray of color faded out of his face. He dropped his head upon his hand, and sat so long in that attitude that we were both frightened.

"Is anything the matter?" I said, gently, for Zillah was dumb.

Continued next week.

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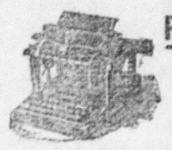

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H. C. BUNNER will furnish a series of six sketches entitled "JERSEY STREET AND JERSEY LANE." Illustaated.

ROBERT GRANT will relate the further experiences of Fred. and Josephine in "A SEQUEL TO THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN." Illustrated.

HAROLD FREDERIC will contribute a political novel of great power, entitled THE COPPERHEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JERRY." Miss S. B. Elliott, the author of "Jerry," will write a realistic story of life among the Tennessee mountaineers, "THE DURKET SPERRET."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO EDWARD IRVING and others dealing with a part of Carlyle's life far different from that brought out in the recent literature of Carlyle reminiscences. RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN AND SUMNER, by the late Marquis de Chambrun. Both articles are full of new matter. AN ARTIST IN JAPAN, by Robert Blum, who has just returned from a residence of nearly two years in that country. Abundantly illustrated by the author. HISTORIC MOMENTS, which have been a feature of the magazine during 1892, which will be continued by some particularly striking papers, among them several by the great war correspondents, William H. Russell, Archibald Forbes and others.

MEN'S OCCUPATIONS. A series of articles on the life work of men in many callings—the chief ways (exclusive of professions) in which men earn their livelihood.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN CHICAGO. A series will be published later in the year giving the impressions made by the exhibition upon different observers of note, both American and foreign; and many of these observers will be also artists who will also illustrate their own articles.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES. Further contributions to the POOR IN GREAT CITIES. Mrs. Burnett's illustrated paper on the London plan for HOME AID TO INVALID CHILDREN, etc. Of special interest also will be Professor Heilprin's authoritative account of the PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION (illustrated) a very interesting article by Octave Uzanne on the exhibition of WOMAN'S ART now going on in Paris, and articles upon artistic subjects, accounts of travels, etc., etc.

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The Tribune confidently awaits the result. Not for one moment, however, will The Tribune yield one inch of ground in the battle for American policies.

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Farming has now become such an enormous interest in the United States, that there is an imperative necessity for making more of a specialty of the business interests of the Farmers of the country at large. Plans have been formed which ought to make The Semi-Weekly and The Weekly Tribune absolutely indispensable to every tiller of the soil during 1893.

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In Memoriam. 1892.

BY ELLA GILBERT IVES,

One of them shot by a Confederate gun,
One of them struck by a Union ball:
Both of them dead, just as life had begun
To be worth the living—dead! that is all;
No more and no less, and I, not another,
Must shut my teeth, bear the pain; only God knows
What He gives her to bear, first and last—a mother,
One who brings men-children forth from her throes.
One of them dressed in a suit of blue,
One of them clad in a coat of gray;
Both of them lifting faces true
As steel, to God, on this judgement day.
Not a false fibre in either heart;
Tender and true to mother alway.
Oh, God, how I loved them! What anguish to part!
Only a mother can suffer that way.
One of them fair as a day in June,
One of them bright as a night of stars;
Brave, both my boys; with hearts attnre,
One to the stripes and one to the bars.
Young! ah, young! I can feel their milk-teeth, And, as motheas can, smile back the pain. That was but yesterday; now underneath God's heaven, my arms reach in vain for my twain.
One of them lies on a Northern field,
One of them faces the Southern cross;
Both with their blood their record sealed.
Oh, Christ, with Thy blood, save my heart from loss!
Only one with the stripes and stars
For a winding sheet; but, oh, they were brothers!
God's stars shine on both; and God's tenderness wipes
The tears from all eyes, especially mothers.'

Memorial Day, 1892.

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A Christmas Plum Pudding

Pick and seed very carefully one pound and a quarter of the best layer raisins, which put in a large bowl with one pound of currants, well washed, dried and picked; one pound of kidney suet, chopped not too fine; two ounces each of candied lemon, orange and citron peel, six ounces of the best flour, half a pound of fine bread crumbs, half a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, a saltspoon of salt and a grated nutmeg. Moisten the whole with eight eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, and enough milk to form a very stiff batter. When all these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, pour into a cloth, well buttered and floured. The best pudding cloths are those made out of thin unbleached muslin; they should always be scalded with boiling water and wrung dry as possible before using. It is always well to lay the cloth, after it has been prepared, in a large bowl, and pouring the pudding batter into the cloth, and, holding the corners tightly together, tie firmly with a piece of strong, white cord. If desired, this pudding may be boiled in a plain or ornamental pudding mould; well butter the interior, pour the mixture into it, cover with a sheet of good white note paper, tie the mould in a cloth, plunge it in a kettle of boiling water and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half Of course, some allowance must be made for the pudding to swell. If boiled in a cloth, have on the range a large pot, three-quarters full of briskly boiling water, into which put your pudding, move it about in the water for a second or two; this may esily be done by keeping the corners of the cloth free of the boiling water for the time required, then cover the pot closely, and allow your pudding to boil steadily for four or five hours, being careful not to allow it to stop boiling even for a moment else will your labor have been in vain. It is well to keep your tea kettle boiling, that you may have water to add to the pot in which the pudding is boiling, as under no consideration must it be allowed to boil dry. When you are ready to serve the pudding, remove it carefully into a large colander, untie the cloth, and turn the pudding out on a hot dish. It should be perfect in shape, and dark in color. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar stick a spig of holly in the center, and send to the table with either a hard or soft sauce.—The Christmas number of *The Ladies Home Journal*.

THE USE AND ABUES OF WHISKEY

This subject could be dwelt upon to a considerable length, and yet much would remain untold, but all agree that the use the proper use of pure rye whiskey is an absolute necessity, especially so nyw, when nature insists upon being stimulated. All regular physicians prescribe rye whiskey, and justly claim that Klein's Silver Age and Duquense whiskies are justly celebrated. They do this not only because they have tried them but because the leading hospitals use them—find them the best stimulants in the world. Silver Age sells for $1.50 and Duquense for $1.25 per full quart. For sale by all dealers and druggists. Ask for them or send to S. Schloss, Williamsport, Pa.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS AND THEIR GROWTH.

That the American people are becoming a race of travelers is evident from the complete and choice arrangement of pleasure tours which is set before them by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the season of 1893. First comes a series to the Golden Gate, leaving New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg February 8th, March 2d and 29th, 1893. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and obsevation cars, under the supervision of Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Then follows a series of five to Jacksonville—January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th, 1893. The first admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1893. The round-trip rate is but $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low rates from other stations.

A series to Washington, D. C., leaves December 15th 29th 1892; January 19th, February 9th, March 23d, April 13th, and May 4th and 25th, 1893. Each tour covers a period of three days, and rate includes all necessary traveling expenses and board at the National Capital.

Last of all, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it, during the month of August, 1893, the date to be definitely announced later, proposes running a distinct tour to the Yellowstone National Park, It will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours.

Carefully prepared itineraries as well as detailed information may be produced by addressing Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

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Yours respectfully,
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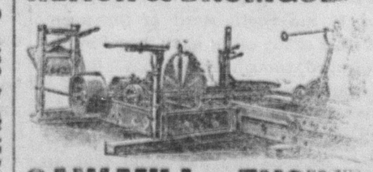

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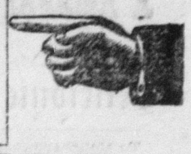

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P. M.				P M
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 40
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M 7 00	3 30
12 00	9 15			
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 15	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 07
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
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P M	A M		P M	A M

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F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.
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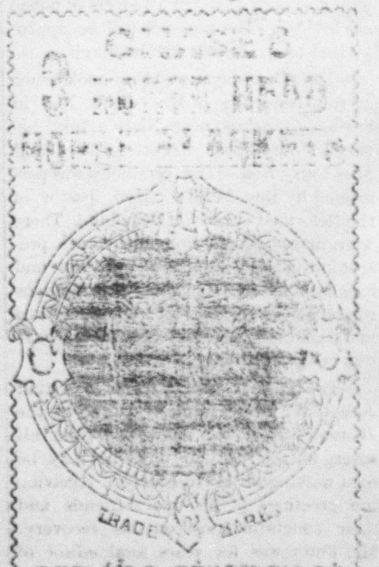

are the strongest and best.

Chase's Plush Lap Robes

are the standard. The plush will not shed. All robes have the name Chase either woven in the binding or sewed on the corner.

FIRST-CLASS DEALERS WILL SELL NO OTHERS.

L. C. CHASE & CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE A Sample of Electric Liniment GIVEN AWAY at GREEN'S PHARMACY. 46 4t

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Yesterday, Dec. 21, was the shortest day in the year.

—The M. E. Church at Roland will have a grand entertainment on Christmas eve.

—William Myers and family, of Fowler, have gone to the woods to cook for S. H. and J. I. Kunes.

—The M. E. Sunday school at Pleasant Gap is going to have a grand entertainment on Christmas eve.

—Samuel Wyhoff, of Fowler, has made some repairs to his house which has added much to its attractiveness.

—Harry Curtin, at Curtin's works, started up his shingle mill last week. It is running to its full capacity.

—Bert Robb, of Fowler, has been confined to the house for some time with mashed toes. He is now about again.

—On Friday evening, December 30, the Logan Hose Company will hold their annual ball. It should receive a liberal patronage.

—Rev. Charles T. Steck, well known to all Bellefonters, will deliver his famous lecture "The Hero Recognized and Unrecognized" at Philipsburg to-night.

—A delightful leap year party was held at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barnhart, at Roland, last week Tuesday evening all had a grand time. A grand banquet was served at eleven o'clock.

—Geo. B. Brandon the genial host of the Brockerhoff House in this place is confined to his bed with the grip. He was so ill on Sunday that he could not sit up at all. We hope he may be restored to health.

—The new organ for the Bellefonte Presyterian church arrived from Boston last Monday evening it filled two cars; they commenced to haul it to the church on Tuesday, workmen came with it who will set it up at once.

—W. T. Hassinger, of Zion, was for a number of years a Government employee at Pine Ridge agency, South Dakota, where Sitting Bull, the famous Indian warrior was killed. He can relate many interesting stories of savage life on the plains.

—Hon. Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall, was re-elected Worthy Master of the State Grange at thrir meeting at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Rhone has served in this position for a number of years and is an earnest, faithful worker.

—Robert C. Parsons, brakeman on the freight train that runs between Bellefonte and Sunbury, met with a painful accident last week Tuesday. He was coupling cars at Montandon when he had his thumb mashed between the bumpers. It was so badly injured that it had to be amputated at the second joint. His home is on Logan Street, Bellefonte.

—A grand musical convention will be conducted by Prof. J. E. Johnson at the Weaver M. E. Church, about three miles east of Bellefonte, on the Jacksonville road, commencing Monday, Jan. 2, and terminating Saturday evening, Jan. 7, with a concert at which all lovers of music are invited. The proceeds will be appropriated to the benefit of the church.

—Last Thursday a wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. John Noll in Spring township near Nigh Bank between Henry Foust, of Potters Mills, and Miss Daisy Noll. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Miles O. Noll, pastor of the Reformed church, of Bellefonte. There were many people from Bellefonte present and a large number of relatives and friends from other places. A sumptuous repast was served and all went merry as a marriage bell. Mr. and Mrs. Foust have our congratulations.

—The Lock Haven *Express* srys that Joseph W. Furey, formerly editor of the *Democrat*, is slowly recovering from his severe illness. On fair days he may be seen walking about the streets receiving the greetings of his many friends and their congratulations on his recovery. Mr. Furey was for years local editor of the Bellefonte *Watchman* and was much admired by its many readers. His friends in this county will be glad to hear of his improved health and hope that he may speedily recover full complete health.

—Many of the new windows for the new Presbyterian church of Bellefonte have arrived. On Monday they were unpacked and placed against the wall. Over the front door boards had been loosely put to keep the cold out and one of the new windows was carelessly placed at the door. On Monday night the wind blew the boards down falling on the window broke it so that it had to be replaced with a new one. As these windows cost one hundred dollars apiece this loss is quite a misfortune.

A SUSPECT ARRESTED.

His Guilt or Innocence Remains for Him to Prove

Last Friday night about ten o'clock Mrs. Pearl, who lives over Nick Bauers' store on Alleghany street, thought she smelled smoke and as they have had a fire there once before and many have been set in town lately, she felt uneasy and commenced to examine into the matter. She called the attention of the Bauers to the fact and they examined all about the store but found everything all right; they then notified the police. It is also said that Mrs. Pearl went to the back of the building and saw a man lighting a fire near the cellar. She ordered him away and he replied roughly, "go away from me, woman," The lady is very positive this was at ten o'clock at night. She did not see the man clear enough to recognize him again. The police and Mr. Bauer found a young man in the alley back of these buildings near where the fire was started. They arrested him; he resisted some at first but was hand cuffed and taken to jail, and the rumor that a man had been arrested for setting fire spread over the town like wild fire. The party arrested was Furst Crider, a young man attending school at the Academy. He came from Lock Haven to this school a few months ago. He is a grand-son of Philip Crider and a nephew to F. W. Crider, the great lumberman and banker. The young man indignantly denies that he had anything to do with the fire, or even knew of its existence. He alleges that he had been drinking and while going down the street towards the school boarding house he heard some parties cry out "there he goes, catch him." Supposing that he was to be arrested for drunkenness he run, and in order to get out of the way and throw his pursuers off his track, ran in back of the buildings and crouched down where he was found. It is rumored that at about nine o'clock he was in John Sourbeck's store in an intoxicated condition.

Rev. James P. Hughes, his teacher, says he was at home at ten o'clock. That he spoke to him at twenty minutes past ten and saw him go to his room; afterwards he heard him go to the bath room—this was at half past ten. He is positive about the time as he wound the clock at twenty minutes past ten. He, at that time, as he bid him good night, made an engagement with him to go hunting on Saturday. After he was arrested when his son came and told him Furst Crider was arrested he exclaimed, "that cannot be as I left him in his room but upon going to the room it was found that he was not there. The young man's relatives naturally believe his story and they are strengthened in that opinion by the fact that he was at his room till half past ten, while Mrs. Pearl positively asserts that she discovered the fire at ten o'clock. At the same time they assert that if he is guilty they will not try to screen him. There is some division of public sentiment about the case although probably the majority are inclined to think he is not the party that set the fire, and all are disposed to give the young man the benefit of any reasonable doubt that may exist in the case. It is a fearful charge to bring against anyone and terrible in its consequences to one so young. We sincerely hope the young man is not guilty and if we might give advice we would say to him that if innocent of the greater crime, you acknowledge yourself guilty of getting drunk, also a great crime. That all this trouble has been brought upon you through drinking. This should be a lesson never to be forgotten, for if you continue to practice this smaller crime it will lead you to no end of trouble all through life. It will stand in the way of your advancement, of your happiness, of your good health, of maintaining a good character, and perhaps lead you finally to the commission of crimes that will place you where this charge would have done, if you had been guilty. Never drink intoxicating liquor again. On Monday morning young Crider was brought before Judge Furst on a writ of habeus corpus and released on $500 bail for his appearance before the Judge for a hearing at 10 o'clock next Saturday morning. No new developements in the case have come to light since the arrest.

—Malignant diseases like diphtheria, or diseases of milder form, never exist without a cause. There are some points worth considering in view of the visit of the scourge to this town in the last four or five months. Bellefonte is one of the healthiest towns in the state and we may add in the world. There is no excuse for having any contageous disease dwell among us at all. We have fine water and pure air, if we do not ourselves contaminate it. Now here are some facts that considered might lead us to so locate the cause of our trouble as to remove it; we may be wrong but we make these suggestions as pointers. It is said there has not been a case of diphtheria in the South ward of the town; that most of the cases have been in the north ward, though a a few have been in the west, some of the children affected did not go to school but the great majority of them did. Not a single case of the disease occured with any child that attended the brick school house. Now then, no case in brick school house; no case in south ward; very few in west ward, most all in north ward, and scattered from Jail Hill to Beaver street.

—The lecture given by Judge Hinkley, of Danville, last Monday evening before the Y. M. C. A., of Bellefonte, was very slimly attended. This is very discouargeing to the young men who hoped by this venture to make a little money for their organization. Bellefonte wants a Y. M. C. A. but it is too busy just now with other matters to think about paying the bill. Well, boys; don't get discouraged, perhaps the churches will help you out when they get through with the schems of their own which now so completely engross their attention.

TIME FOR CLOSING BELLEFONTE MAILS.

Owing to the change of schedule on the Rail Road Post Master Fiedler, of Bellefonte, makes the following change in the time for closing the mails:

The mail formerly arriving here from Tyrone at 9.17 in the morning, now gets here at 9.32 and the pouch for that train closes at 9.20 a. m. Mail going West heretofore due at Bellefonte at 10.25 a. m. now is due here 10.28 and the mail closes at 10.15. Perhaps the most important local change made is that of the train over the Lemont railroad, which formerly left here at 2 o'clock p. m. and which now leaves at 2.15. The mail for this route now closes at 2.05 o'clock. This gives people from the South side fifteen minutes more time in Bellefonte to transact business. The train from Lock Haven west, under the new schedule, is due here at 5.15 p. m. instead of 5.25 heretofore, and the pouch for that closes at 5.05 p. m.

Also the train coming in over the Lemont road in the evening, which formerly arrived here at 5.10 in the evening, now arrives here at 4.45. This, of course, doesn't effect the closing of local postoffice pouches, as the train stops here. The train over the Tyrone division formerly due here at 8.54 in the evening now reaches at 8.45, nine minutes earlier, but as the postoffice closes every evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock no change is brought about for this particular train.

A new postoffice schedule will be printed in a short time, giving all the necessary information, outside of what this notice can bring about

—Last Monday night Mr. John Cook, who lives on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next to the new Lutheran church, started from his room to go to the bath room feeling that he knew every step of the way. He neglected to turn on the light and by some mistake or through absent mindedness he walked too far and steped off the stairs falling head first from the top to the bottom, The noise of his falling roused his children who thought some one had entered the house. They turned on all the lights and found their father so much injured as at first to be unable to rise but after awhile he was able to get up. He was considerably bruised. He did not send for a doctor but went to bed. In the morning he was so stiff from his bruises he could hardly move. His wrist seemed to be broken. A doctor examined it and pronounced the bone all right although the member was badly bruised. He is walking about now with his arm in splints. It is very fortunate he escaped so well. Such a fall was very dangerous one. Mr. Cook says he would not like to fall the same way again for ten thousand dollars much as he loves money. He thinks now he will put a gate at the head of those stairs.

LUTHERAN FESTIVAL.

During Institute week next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the Lutheran society of Bellefonte will give dinners and suppers to citizens and teachers in the vacant rooms in Reynolds' block on Allegheny street, next to book store of H. Y. Stitzer. The bill of fare will include chicken in all styles, roast meat, including saur kraut; oysters, ice cream, cake and candies. The price for dinner will be 35 cents; supper 25 cents, Oysters, ice cream, cake and candy extra. Proceeds to be applied to the fund for the completion of the new Lutheran church. A liberal patronage is asked and expected from all denominations. It is a worthy object and should receive the support of all.

—The Semi Annual Examinations at the Bellefonte Academy have been held this week. On Monday the classes in mathematics were examined by the principal, Rev. James P. Hughes. Yesterday the classes in the classics were examined by Prof. J. R. Hughes, and to-day Miss Julia Reed will give a like attention to the young ladies while to-morrow (Friday) Miss Caroline Hunter will conduct examinations in the primary room. Many friends and patrons of the institution were present. It is an excellent school and is receiving a liberal patronage.

—It was assumed that the Milesburg borough council would pay the expenses of the Logan Steamer in their trip to the fire at Central City last Sunday morning, but these gentlemen deny the "soft impeachment." They say they could not do it unless they paid the bill out of their own pockets which they are not likely to do. They can pay for work done in the borough but not for work done in Boggs township. The fire was at Central City and the property burned and that saved was all outside of the borough limits.

Died.—In Clinton township, Monday morning at half past four o'clock, Jacob W. Parker, aged 89 years. The funeral was last Wednesday at one o'clock, interment at Marsh Creek. He had been for many years an earnest member of the Disciple church.

FIRE AT MILESBURG.

L. C. Bullock's Coach Shop Destroyed—Loss $4,000.

Last Sunday morning about one o'clock an alarm of fire was heard in the quiet village of Central City, near Milesburg, to which the citizens young and old quickly responded. The scene of the conflagration was the carriage factory of L. C. Bullock, which was burned to the ground, and the surrounding property was only saved through the untiring efforts of the citizens assisted by the Logan Steamer Company, from Bellefonte. It is said the fire was first discovered by some young men who immediately went to Mr. Bullock's house and told him his shop was on fire. When he reached the place he found that the fire had been started in the second story and was well under way. A large crowd gathered and worked hard to save property but the flames spread so rapidly that it was thought best to telephone for assistance and a telephone message was sent to policeman Garis, of Bellefonte, who communicated it to Fire Marshall Cunningham who called James Bayard then went to the Logan house and fired up the steamer. Horses were engaged of George Beezer to take the steamer down and the following firemen were called: Al. Garman, Oscar Yerger, Elmer Yerger, Henry Haupt, Jas. Bayard, Frank Williams, M. Cunningham George Tate, Harvey Miller and Ed. Shrom. A hack was engaged from Baum to take the men to Central City. In fifty minutes after the message was received the company was on the ground. By this time, however, the carriage works were about consumed and the efforts of the company were directed to saving the surrounding property.

Some few things were saved out of the carriage factory among which were two buggies belonging to Buck & Allison; a sleigh belonging to J. C. Weaver, insurance agent; and one owned by Dr. H. K. Hoy, and a buggy owned by Mr. Nyman. Among those burned was a valuable buggy belonging to Shem Spigelmyer, of Bellefonte, and a carriage owned by E. H. Carr, of Milesburg. Mr. Bullock has made the following estimate of his loss: On building, $1,500; on stock, tools and trimmings $2,500, a total of $4,000. On this there is and insurance of $2,570, leaving the loss about insurance $1,43 .

On the return home the Fire Company lost from their hose carriage a handle used in reeling the hose. The finder is requested to return the same to Marshall Cunningham, Al. Garman or any member of the company, and they will receive a suitable reward.

RAILROAD CHANGES.

The following change of schedule went into effect on all trains on main line of the Pennsylvania Rail Road last Sunday. This has caused changes on trains running on branches which we announce in another place.

"Columbia Express," now known as Second No. 21 will be changed to No. 25, to leave New York at 9.00 a. m. daily, arrive at Pittsburg at 9.00 p. m., Chicago about 10.00 a. m., and Cincinnatti at 6.40 a. m.

"Fast Line," No. 1 will be withdrawn from New York division, but will run from Philadelphia, leaving at 11.40 a. m. arriving at Pittsburg at 11.20 p. m. Passengers from New York for this train will use No. 25 to Philadelphia.

"Pennsylvania Limited," No. 5 will leave New York at 12 noon, arrive at Pittsburg at 11.30 p. m., and at Chicago at 11.45 a. m.

St. Louis and Cincinnati Express," No. 21, will leave New York at 12 noon, arrive at Pittsburg at 11.40 p. m.

"Southwestern Express," now No. 11 will be changed to No. 7, and leave New York at 7.50 p. m. (Sundays 7.45 p. m.) and arrive at Pittsburg at 8.30 a. m.

"Pacific Express," train No. 3, wil leave New York the same time as at present, and will arrive at Pittsburg at 12.10 p.m. instead of 12.45 p. m.

"Keystone Express," will run as a section of train No. 20, and will be known as 2nd No. 20. Train No. 20 will remain as at present. Connecting train will leave Harrisburg at 10.45 a. m. and arrive at Baltimore at 1.25 p. m. and Washington at 2.30 p. m.

Middle Division train No, 36 will be changed to leave Altoona at 10.45 a. m. and arrive at Harrisburg at 3.10 p. m.

Train No. 34 will be changed to leave Pittsburg at 1.00 p. m. and arrive at Harrisburg at 10.20 p. m.

A number of changes will be made in local trains on the different divisions and announced later on, as well as in equipment of through trains.

PRESIDENT HARRISON TO WRITE A BOOK.

It is said shat President Harrison, at the expiration of his term of office, will visit Europe. He will study economic conditions there and collect material for a book on the effect of Free-Trade in England, contrasting the condition of the people in the United Kingdom with that of the American people. President Harrison will write a valuable book, as his style is felicitous, his judgment clear, and his aims high. It is to be hoped that he will undertake a work for which he is eminently fit.

MARRIED.

Last week, Wednesday, at six o'clock in the evening, Mr. Alfred Ott was united in marriage to Miss Ida M. Koch, at the home of the bride's parents a short distance east of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ed. E. Hoshour, pastor of the Lutheran church, of Bellefonte. There were about sixty guests present. After the ceremony all partook of a sumptuous banquet. The young couple took the evening train for the east for a bridal tour.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Joseph Tressler, of Pleasant Gap, has sold his house and lot to Samuel Rice.

Gen. D. H. Hastings was in Washington last week and called upon the president at the White House.

Miss Mame Sourbeck, who is attending school at Philadelphia, is at present with her parents spending her holiday vacation.

Rev. T. W. Leidy, pastor of the M. E. church, at Pleasant Gap circuit, started a successful protracted meeting at Axe Mann last Monday evening week.

Charles Hurlburt, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was in town several days last week. He thinks matters are moving along all right here under the skillful management of Secretary Elliot Harvey.

Mr. Newton S. Baily, late editor of the Gazette, but now city editor of the new paper, The Times, which is starting at Williamsport, has written to friends here. He says he likes it well; that he has been attending organ recitals, the Y. M. C. A. and the several churches.

Alva S. Grow, formerly local editor of the Republican, now Register and Recorder of Clinton county and a straight out Republican, was in Bellefonte last Thursday. He came on official business to probate the will of Henry Crebs, who died in Lamar, Clinton county, and owned property in this county, a farm near Zion. Alva did not forget to call on his friends while here.

Will Keller, son of D. S Keller, Esq., of Bellefonte, is at present a student at the Columbian Law School at Washington, D. C. On Monday evening, Dec, 5, he made a presentation speech for his class in the presentation of a valuable gold headed cane to Chief Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, who is lecturer at the college. The Washington *Evening Star*, in speaking of the affair says:

Monday evening being the occasion of Mr. Justice Harlan's last lecture to the Columbian law class, before going to Europe as United States commissioner on the Alaskan seal commission, the law students presented him with a fine gold-headed cane. Mr. William Keller, on behalf of the school, made the presentation in a very well choosen speech, in which he expressed the regret of the school in losing the lectures of the Justice, but at the same time an appreciation of the distinguished honor conferred upon him by the government in chosing him to represent it in so grave a matter between two great nations, and closing by wishing him a pleasant voyage and safe return.

Mr. Harlan was taken entirely by surprise, but replied in a most happy manner, refering to his work in the school as being, next to his judical, the most profitable and pleasant work of his life. He paid a glowing tribute to the legal profession, and, thanking the boys for their kind remembrance, he said that though the cane was almost too elegant for a man of his plain habits, yet he should carry it with him, and when in that distant land some one should ask him where he got the cane it would be with pride that he would point to the inscription on the head and tell of its presentation.

The students were all anxious to personally bid him good-by, and for ten minutes he was kept busy shaking hands and in his genial way bidding them good-bye."

ANOTHER DIVIDEND.

Good News for the Creditors of the Philipsburg Banking Company.

We are authorized to announce that Mr. Wm. P. Duncan, assignee of the Philipsburg Banking Company will pay a dividend of fifty per cent, on Monday, Dec. 19, 1892 or any day thereafter, at the office of O. Perry Jones, in the old room of the Philipsburg Banking company. This will be good news to creditors, who will hail the distribution with joy, and it will also set afloat a good deal of money for the holidays and thus benefit everybody in the community. The affairs of the bank are being carefully managed, and while we do not say officially, will say unofficially that there is no doubt whatever that the bank will pay the remaining twenty-five per cent, in the not distant future. Many of the small creditors have been paid in full by Mr. Jones, out of money that he has earned with his own hands since the failure, and he has said that if his life is spared he will see every penny of the bank's indebtedness wiped out. As he is a comparatively young man with good health, and an extraordinary amount of snap and brains and has a lease on one of the finest coal operations on the Beech Creek road, the prospects are fair for his doing just what he says he will. —Philipsburg *Ledger*.

MILESBURG MURMURINGS.

Editor Republican.

Your readers very seldom hear from Milesburg unless there has been a fire or through our Courts of Justice. You heard from us during the last term of Court and in consequence we are represented in the County jail.

We have had another fire, this last one broke out on Sunday morning at about 2 o'clock Dec, 18th. But we were not surprised, simply because the nine tenths of our citizens have been looking for this fire for over a year. Yes we had a fire and we believe the only ones that will loose on account of it will be the Fire Insurance companies concerned. The building which was burnt was worth about $500, and we are informed the insurance on the same was $1000, The stock which was burnt we think was worth about $300, insurance $1200. The tools which were burnt were worth about $200, insurance $350. Total gain probably $1600. Now the question is what caused this fire? well, we think, the rubbing of $2350 insurance against property worth $1200 caused too much "Friction" consequently Fire. We the property holders of Central City now feel better and are breathing freely, the coach shop is in ashes, we worked hard to save Wagner's mill and the property of L. T. Wetsler and Post 261.

The Logan Fire Co. with their steamer came in time to do some good service for which we are thankful, until they are better paid. Boys, whenever you see a bright light at Milesburg come again.

Post 261 G. A. R. are making preparations to have a public Installation of the officers elected for 1893 to be followed by one of their old time Camp-fires, which will be held in Curtin's Chapel at Roland on Saturday evening, January 7, 1893.

The M. E. Sunday school are preparing to give a Christmas entertainment on Saturday evening Dec. 24, when we say that this will be a rich treat we mean it for we know whereof we speak. All are invited.

The health of our people, generally speaking is very good at present.

Central City.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

On Saturday evening Dec. 10, the following officers were elected to serve one year by Post No. 197 G. A. R. at their Hall in Lemont. Commander, Dr. Theo. S. Christ; S. V. C. Wm. E. Tate; J. V. C, Wm. J. Benner; Surgeon, J. F. Woods. M. D.; Chaplain, Henry Sowers; Quartermaster, Hiram Thompson; Officer of the Day, J. W. Showlter; Officer of the Guard, Ira Lyle; Council of Administration, Thos. S. Christ, M, D.; Wm. E. Tate; J. W. Showalter; Delegate, Wm. E. Tate; Alternate, J. C. Bathgate.

The following officers will be appointed on installation evening of January 14th, 1893; Adjutant, Isaac Armstrong; Sergeant Major, Henry Fishel; Quartermaster Sergant, J. C. Bathgate.

—The Cleveland Baking Powder Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, have offered to send four dozen cans of their famous baking powder to the Lutheran Festival to be held next week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, in vacant room next to Stitzer's book store, for them to sell to their patrons. This is a donation from the above company to this society. We have tried this powder at our home and find it one of the best in the market. No one will miss it by buying a can of this justly celebrated baking powder, there is nothing superior to it. Go to the Festival and buy a can of this powder. You will get a good article and help along a good cause.

CLEVELAND A MINORITY PRESIDENT.

Many estimates are furnished of the popular vote for the various Presidential candidates in the last election. It seems to be well established from the estimates that Cleveland will be a minority President. The following figures are furnished by the editor of the Grand Rapid (Mich.) *Herald*:

Cleveland	6,750,000
Harrison	6,500,000
Weaver	850,000
Bidwell	250,000

This estimate places Cleveland in a minority of 850,000 as against all the candidates.

—Some Sundays the choir at the Presbyterian Sunday school is rather slim on account of the absence of several of its members. Last Sunday, however, there was a large attendance and of course excellent music. Every member of the chair and school should feel a deep interest in the success of the work and nothing so much contributes to success as constant regular attendance.

—Last Thursday evening at 6;30 o'clock a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rash Robb, of Fifth avenue, Bellefonte, died. The funeral was Friday from the house.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE